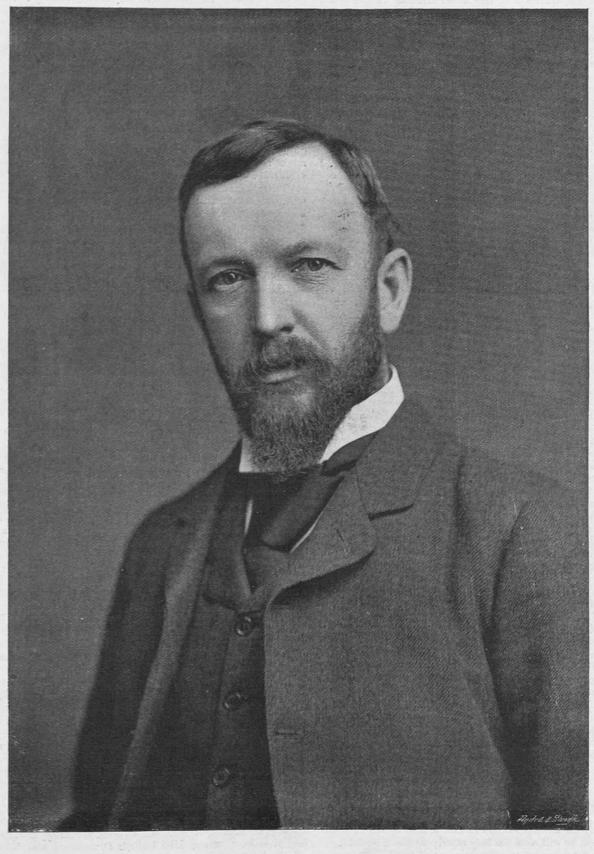


No. 120.—Vol. X.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 67d.



MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, AUTHOR OF "THE TRIUMPH OF THE PHILISTINES."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.

"THE TRIUMPH OF THE PHILISTINES."

Really, in the sarcastic title of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play, and its clumsy sub-title, "And how Mr. Jorgan preserved the morals of Market Pewbury under very trying circumstances," the author seems to be under some misapprehension. It is by no means clear that Mr. Jones has got his labels correct. No doubt, the author considers that Mr. Jorgan and his fellow-citizens are the Philistines, and that the weak-minded Mrs. Suleny, the ill-mannered, commonplace Sir Valentine, the vulgar Lady Beauboys, and the uninteresting artist, are "the children of light." On which side the author places Sally Lebrune, the "daughter of the horse-leech," one cannot guess. Yet, in truth, I fail to see that the term "Philistine" applies to the one party more than to the other. The play appears to suggest that to be obscure and puritanic, whether one adds hypocrisy or not, is to be a Philistine, and that to have lax views on moral questions and to behave indecorously is to be a child of light.

One need not go back to consider the exact meaning of the term "Philister," as used by the German students, or "Philistine," as employed by Matthew Arnold, or work out the curious circumstances that lead "Philistine" to be cant or slang for a bailiff. It is enough to say that there is neither triumph nor defeat of Philistines in Mr. Jones's play, since there is merely strife between two factions of the party—between the Puritanic Philistines and the non-Puritanic Philistines. Of course, the term is inconvenient—useless. One may say that "Philistine" is the term of reproach which, whatever the opinions of the speaker, he gives to those opposed to him. As in the old story, "orthodoxy is my doxy as opposed to hetero-doxy, which is yours, if you do not adopt mine"; or, as in Jeremy Bentham's—I quote from memory—"Commonsense' means my opinion as opposed to 'uncommon nonsense,' which is yours if you differ from me."

The true, unsarcastic title would be "Tartuffe Redivivus." Mr. Jorgan

is really the Tartuffe who offers Doriné his handerchief as what people used to call a modesty piece. The pity of it is that in his handling of the subject, Mr. Jones has quite missed his chance. We of The Sketch are not exactly on the side of prudes or puritans. We would gladly wage war on the side of Mr. H. A. Jones against the "black, bitter, stubborn Puritanism"; but the war must be waged fairly. "excellent shop-keeping people, content to lead what appears to me a very dull and stupid life all the week, and a much duller and more stupid life on Sunday," are entitled to fair play, and to make the two principal representatives mere humbugs is not fair play. There may be Jorgans and Poteses in the world, but it is utterly unjust to put them forward as typical Puritans.

However, there are other aspects in which one may consider the new play. What is it, for instance? I should answer, a rollicking farce, marred by sentimental scenes and dull, serious speeches, miscalled a comedy and presented gravely as a satire. If the interminable speeches upon morality, by Lady Beauboys, were removed; if Mrs. Suleny's part were cut and played d la Miss May Whitty; if the effort to make Messrs. Jorgan and Pote seem real were relaxed—the play would be a capital farce. There is plenty of comic stuff in the piece, and the spirit of deadly misguided earnestness lies on it like a pall; the substantial sounds of disapproval that counterbalanced the applause on Saturday were due to blunders on the subject of taste, and error in treating a farce as a comedy.

When Miss Juliette Nesville was on the stage everybody laughed. She made no mistake of aiming at gentility; broad, daring, ingenious low-comedy she played, with the method peculiar to comic opera, and all that can be said in criticism of her is that occasionally the play forced one to consider her seriously, and then the impossibility of the part was obvious. In relation to her part, the book is curious: as written, her broken Anglo-French shows a complete ignorance of French. The foreigner errs by expressing foreign idioms in English words. Sally Lebrune uses such phrases as "Ah! do what you thunder well please," "Stand on your blessed, mortal head," "Make me so charming as will send every man cracked all over his head when he look at me." How could such phrases get into the mouth of a French girl?

It is time now to consider the other side of this curious piece, which seems as if it had been written at the earlier part of Mr. Jones's career. Certainly it has a great deal of cleverness. Looked upon as caricatures, Mr. Jorgan and his fellow town-councillors are very funny, very ingeniously drawn. Jorgan, a part that might have been written for Harry Paulton, is really droll, and Mr. Herbert Waring, far as the character seems out of his line, played it admirably. The minor characters, the Mr. Skewett by Mr. James Welch, the Mr. Corby by Mr. Tovey, the Mr. Blagg by Mr. Ernest Hendrie, were all nicely differentiated in writing and in acting. Moreover, in the dialogue of the other people there are several very clever lines.

Sir Valentine Fellowes' part gave a difficult task to Mr. George

Sir Valentine Fellowes' part gave a difficult task to Mr. George He had to present, in modern dress, one of the fashionable young blades of old comedy, and it was hard to accommodate the manner to the man: he did his work cleverly, but could not show that Sir Valentine was less a Philistine than Mr. Jorgan. Mr. A. V. Esmond, as a young artist who paints Helen, Cleopatra, Rosalind, and Juliette from a little French soubrette, acted with no little skill. A word of praise is due to Miss Wilmot for a discreet rendering of an old maid with spasms—a character deemed to have become extinct at the same time as the Great Auk, and to Mr. Mark Paton, who played well as a servant. One is always loath to speak unkindly of so earnest a man as Mr. Henry Arthur Jones; but I hope he will soon see how utterly he has misused his materials, and save the campaign by an entire change of front.

"THE HOME SECRETARY."

"Good-bye!" said Morris Lecaile; "Good-bye!" The tone in which he uttered the simple words left no doubt in the mind of Rhoda Trendel, wife of the Right Hon. Duncan Trendel, Home Secretary, the man was telling her that he loved her. The feeling of indignation that she expected, almost hoped for, did not come. No sooner had he left than she pulled from her bosom the rose that Morris had given to her, and cast it away. Yet she felt that to throw aside the flower was not enough. She must search her heart to see why she had felt only pain and sorrow, and not anger, when he told her of his lawless, hopeless love for her. In a few minutes, Rhoda came to the cruel conclusion that she loved Morris-loved him not passionately nor intensely, yet loved him so far as lay in her frigid temperament. This explained to her, humiliatingly, something else. Five years before, she had married Trendel, and from no motive but affection. At first the marriage had proved happy; then Morris Lecaile, the handsome, powerful man whose past career was a fascinating, poetical mystery, came into the Home Secretary's circle. His coming led her to criticise her husband, to compare him, not, indeed, with Lecaile, but with a lofty, impossible ideal of statesmanship, of political dignity. Quickly she found that, in the dull traffic of human politics, concession and compromise are the main factors, and romance is hardly possible. Rhoda showed her feelings cruelly to her husband. An occasion arose for a quarrel.

The Anarchist question was the political plat du jour. The Home Secretary was accused of lukewarmness on the subject. A dangerous man, vowed foe to law and order, named Dangerfield, was at large. those who knew little it seemed certain that the man could easily be caught if the police were not checked by the Government. Rhoda took the cry, and accused her husband of failure in his duty. Minister really was doing his utmost to catch Dangerfield; the task was difficult, but success seemed nigh. Yet the husband did not try to defend himself—would not tell her that he was doing all that she He held his tongue for reasons that it is hardly possible to guess. Poor Rhoda, after the departure of Morris, felt bitterly that she might have been unjust, that her criticism of her husband was a mere

subterfuge of her heart to make a place for Morris.

There seemed but one thing to be done. Morris had gone, it was true, but his departure left her none the less guilty in her eyes. had been faithless in thought-hardly in wish-to her husband, had preferred another man, so she must leave. Late at night she went to the Minister's sanctum to wait for him and tell her determination. was dozing in a big arm-chair near the fire when she heard a noise in She looked round: a man was there trying to force open her husband's despatch-box. She stepped forward boldly. The man was Morris Lecaile! "A thief!" she said.

"Yes, a thief; in that box lies a paper of the greatest peril to me and the great cause I serve. Don't ask me who I am or what is my secret."

She insisted. He stoutly proclaimed himself one of the sworn enemies of Government. She listened in horror and distress. "I am Dangerfield," he said, and the confession changed her feeling towards the man to horror, almost loathing. Suddenly the door opened and the Home Secretary entered. It was past midnight; obviously, the man had come in by the window—consequently, the position was most suspicious. Rhoda would have saved Dangerfield and kept his secret, but he, for sake of her honour, told the whole truth.
"The window is still open," said Trendel; "you can go, but it will

not be for long."

Husband and wife were left alone. She felt relieved of the burden of sinful love, but horrified to learn from the lips of Dangerfield that the Home Secretary had been his most deadly, earnest foe. An ordinary woman would have implored forgiveness on her knees. She gravely, and with dignity, told the truth concerning her now dead love for Lecaile. The husband preserved an attitude of haughty grief. He complained somewhat of her neglect of him, but left her free to act as she thought best. So the woman left the room, and the proud man broke down, and began to sob. Luckily, Rhoda was not utterly hard, so, after two minutes, she came back, put out the lamp, bade him come with her, and then fell into his arms. What had touched her most was that the Minister, as self-punishment, had resigned his post on account of his breach of duty in letting Dangerfield escape.

It can hardly be said that the play, of which this tale is the backbone, is quite satisfactory. Putting aside the fact that in several aspects it overtaxes the credulity of the audience, it has the serious defect of moving far too slowly. Despite great cleverness in enlivening it with a series of scenes of light comedy, the piece had grown rather wearisome by reason of its lack of interest and uncertainty of character until the last act. This act, it must be admitted, is powerful and effective, and went some way towards saving the play. The verdict that one must pass is that "The Home Secretary" is a very ingenious but unsuccessful effort to

combine love and politics, comedy and melodrama.

The acting was admirable. Mr. Charles Wyndham, who was but a mere walking gentleman till the last act, then played with great force and dignity, and managed, with fine skill, to give a subdued tone of Miss Julia Neilson acted with unexpected restraint, and gave a charming, effective performance as Rhoda Trendel. Mr. Lewis Waller, as Dangerfield, seemed, perhaps, to lack distinctive character, but certainly showed much power with little effort. I have not space to speak individually of Mr. Alfred Bishop, Sidney Brough, H. de Lange, and Miss Mary Moore, Miss Dolores Drummond, and Miss Maud Millett, all of whom deserve hearty praise for really excellent work. -- MONOCLE.

SOME STORIES ABOUT LORD HOPETOUN.

Lord and Lady Hopetoun, who have just returned to England from Melbourne, have attained undoubted success as her Majesty's representatives in Victoria. It is not saying too much to assert that Lord Hopetoun is the most popular Governor who ever occupied the vice-regal position at the head of an Australian colony, and the feeling, not only in Victoria, but in New South Wales and the sister states,



LORD HOPE AND THE HON. CHARLES MELBOURNE HOPE.

has been freely expressed, that, in the event of the consummation of Australian Federation, at no very distant date, the young Scotch Earl, with the aid of his charming Countess, would make an ideal Governor-General for the Antipodean Dominion or Commonwealth.

It is "not so easy as it looks" to successfully govern a vigorous young democracy, in which there is an acute jealousy of the slightest sign of Downing Street domination, and where loyalty to the mother country goes hand in hand with the freest possible criticism of the very highest persons and functions. A Governor who came to an Australian colony and manifested any disposition to play the grand person, would find nothing but stiff-necks and icy-cold courtesy. Lord Hope-toun has the secret of making himself one with the people while not being one of them;

the secret of perfect friendliness without familiarity. He has left the place warm for his successor, Lord Brassey, who will find Government House, Melbourne, a palace where he can sit enthroned as a sort of democratic prince, with a friendly and affectionate people around him.

Newspapers in the back blocks of Victoria are sometimes very curious productions indeed. There was one, in particular, that had a way of illustrating its columns with "blocks" purchased at random, secondhand, and using them on all sorts of occasions when they could possibly be worked in. One day there was a sensational crime in the locality, and the offender had been arrested in a particularly clever manner by a shrewd detective. The rascal was a clean-shaven, good-looking fellow. The enterprising paper wanted to publish his portrait, and a "block" was hunted up that looked somewhat like him. The paper came out with the most thrilling details of the crime and the arrest, and with the portrait of the accused printed in a conspicuous place. A copy of the paper came into the hands of one of Lord Hopetoun's friends, a local squatter, who thought he had seen the portrait before, though he was not certain. He showed it to the Governor a few days later. "Do you know that picture?" he asked. "Know it!" exclaimed Lord Hopetoun. "Why that's the cent I was provided in !!"

The hospitality of Australian bushmen is proverbial, and Lord Hopetoun has had many experiences of it. Last year, Lady Hopetoun and himself started off on a country tour, alone, on horseback, travelling from station to station, dressed in the ordinary rough dress of the bush. The Governor wore just a slouched hat, a red shirt, trousers strapped round the waist, and high boots. Both the Countess and himself have since said, many times, that the weeks thus spent were the most delightful they ever had in their lives. One day, when they were travelling in this fashion, the heat was simply overpowering—and nobody can realise the heat of the Australian bush who has not felt it. Lady Hopetoun was feeling it very much, and, as they had still some miles to go before they would reach their destination, they longed for some refreshment. At last they saw the smoke from a selector's hut curling up through the scrub, and made for the farm. Dismounting at the gate, Lord Hopetoun walked up to the open door, and asked, "Could you spare a drink of milk for my wife; she is very faint from riding?" "Certainly," was the cheery reply from the big-bearded man at the table. His "missis" at once went to get the drink, while the Governor, standing at the door, looked longingly at the dish of smoking corned-beef and carrots—the staple bush-dinner—on the table. The selector caught the look, and said, "P'r'aps you and your missis 'ud like a snack wi' us?" "My word, we should!" was the reply. "All right; call her up, then." The horses were fastened to a fence,

and very soon the pair were enjoying the homely meal. The bushman talked about the crops and the prospects, and then informed his guests that he had heard that the Governor was going to pay a visit to the neighbouring station. "I guess he's there now," said his wife. "I don't think he is," said Lord Hopetoun; "and I'll undertake to say that, wherever he is, he is not more fond of corned beef and carrots than I am." The visit was enjoyed thoroughly, and, as the guests mounted their horses again, the bushman helping the Countess to her saddle, he asked, "And may I inquire your name?" "This is Lady Hopetoun," said the Governor, lifting his hat to the "missis." "Oh Lord!" exclaimed the farmer, forgetting his Presbyterian strictness for the moment. "But," he said, in telling me the story of the visit he had had, "you should have seen them eat! Just for all the world like an ord'nary man and woman!"

Lord and Lady Hopetoun bring back to England with them a constant reminder of their Australian experiences in the person of their second child, the Hon. Charles Melbourne Hope—a young Australian native, born during his father's Governorship of Victoria.

A NOTABLE SOUTH AFRICAN, MR. BARNIE BARNATO.

Mr. Barnie Barnato, who was entertained to dinner at the Criterion on Thursday (the Lord Mayor presiding), prior to his departure for Africa, is a notable example of what can be achieved without interest or capital. He was born in London, on July 5, 1852, and is the third son of Mr. Isaac Barnato, of Devonshire Terrace, Hyde Park. On his mother's side he is related to the late Sir George Jessel, Master of the Rolls.

He was educated under private tutors, and was intended for a commercial life, upon which he enteredata comparatively early age; but his adventurous spirit rebelled against the monotony of such a career, so, in 1873, at the age of twentyone, he abandoned his desk and pen, and went out to the diamond-fields of South Africa. H arrived at Kimberley then the haunt of the individual digger — one glorious August morning, with the sum of twentyseven shillings in his pocket, and started as a "kopje-walloper," which means a diamond-dealer,



MRS. BARNATO.

Photo by A. Esmé Collings, Brighton and London.

whose office and equipments are represented by a leather bag. In three years his earnings amounted to five thousand pounds, with which he bought four claims; these, in 1881, were sold to a company with £115,000 capital. His profits on this transaction were large, and his success established, and while still a very young man, even in that country of financial prodigies, he was recognised as the "coming man." That he has fully lived up to this prediction may be realised from the fact that the mines and industrial undertakings he is responsible for, and has



MR. BARNATO'S CHILDREN.

Photo by A, Esmé Collings, Brighton and London

in trust for people in all parts of the world, represent the enormous sum of twenty millions sterling. He is also the Life Governor of, and the largest individual share-holder in, the De Beers Mining Company - the most colossal mining venture in the world— the share and debenture capital of which, at present quotations, represent a value of about eighteen millions sterling. senior Barnato is a senior member of the Legislative Assembly of Cape Colony, and has made his mark in politics as well as finance. He has left England for a stay of

some five months in Africa, and on his return intends settling down in London. In appearance Mr. Barnato is above the medium height, of good presence, fair-complexioned, and with bright-blue eyes. He is very fond of horses, a first-rate whip, and a fearless horseman, and has made a reputation as an amateur actor; he is a most entertaining companion, can talk well on any subject, and is, withal, unassuming, and of a most kindly nature.

Mr. Barnato has been married about seventeen years. His wife was born in Africa, and is very handsome and charming. They have two children. The elder, Leah "Primrose," named after Mr. Barnato's first mine, is two years and a half old, and rules her father with an iron hand; the baby boy, ten months old, has been christened Ladas Rosebery, but is always called "Jack." Anyone seeing Mr. Barnato enjoying a romp with his little ones



MR. BARNATO.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

would say that his heavy responsibilities rest very lightly upon him; he is always bright and cheerful, and never worries about anything. His name is one to conjure with in the financial worlds of Paris and London, as was borne out by several of the speakers at the Criterion banquet. The Lord Mayor declared that Mr. Barnato had made his individuality felt upon the times, and that he was one of the most important living factors in the development and continuation of our country's prosperity and commercial success. It was through men of pluck and courage and enterprise like Mr. Barnato that England was able to offer new fields of

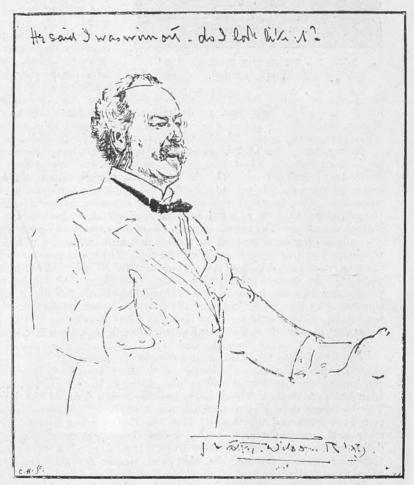
labour to an over-populated mother country, and new countries for colonisation. In responding to the toast of his health, Mr. Barnato recalled his experiences in early life in South Africa. How different was the South Africa of to-day to that which he remembered twenty years ago, when they had no railway system, no easy communication to the up country, and were obliged to travel in carts and waggons, for days and days together! Now they had some 3000 miles of railway over which they could travel. He remembered how, in the early days of the diamond-fields, thousands and thousands of miners were working under different interests, whereas at present that industry was under one control. With regard to what Kimberley had done for South Africa, he declared that this diamond centre had been the means of developing the vast resources of that country, and that, if there had been no Kimberley, the Transvaal would scarcely have been known, and there would have been no Matabeleland. South Africa was the greatest country that was likely to be seen for generations to come. It had two industries—gold and diamonds—producing now about £13,000,000 a-year out of the bowels of the earth. Within the next two years that figure, he thought, would be increased to £20,000,000. No wonder that invitations to dinners and "At Homes" are showered upon Mr. Barnato, and when he settles down in London, in the palatial residence he has in view, he will be a muchsought-after social lion. M. GRIFFITH.

THE BIRTHDAY OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

To-day is the birthday of a very noble Englishwoman, of whom the world has heard very little for a good many years, but whose name will always be a synonym for selfless devotion to the good of others. Miss Florence Nightingale is seventy-five to-day, and all England will wish her "many happy returns." The story of "The Lady with the Lamp" is so well known that it is scarcely necessary to remind our readers of the splendid work done by Miss Nightingale in the Crimea, which earned for her the name of the Heroine of Scutari, and practically reformed the whole system of military hospital treatment. The public showed their appreciation of her work by subscribing £50,000 as a testimonial to her, but Miss Nightingale refused to accept it, and suggested that it should be applied to the foundation of an institution for training nurses. The Queen, however, presented her with a beautiful jewel, in the form of a cross set with diamonds, specially designed by the Prince Consort, and bearing on one side the word "Crimea," and on the other, "Blessed are the merciful"; and the Sultan of Turkey sent her a superb diamond bracelet, as "a mark of his estimation of her devotion." Even more important than the immediate results of her self-sacrificing devotion in reducing the deathrate among our soldiers has been the development, aided largely by Miss Nightingale's writings, of the whole system of the employment of trained women nurses. Miss Nightingale, who is tall and rather stout, with an abundance of grey hair, has been a great sufferer for years, but bears pain with beautiful patience and resignation. She was born in Florence, but was the younger daughter of Mr. William E. Nightingale, of Lea Hurst, Derbyshire, and, under his guidance, enjoyed the advantages of a more complete education than was usual with girls at that period, so that she became a good classical and mathematical scholar, besides being well versed in modern languages.

THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEEL.

By the sudden death of Sir Robert Peel, another gap is made in the fast-thinning ranks of what one may call the "Old Guard," the gentlemen of the old school, who, twenty years ago, were no rarity in our West-End streets. Who that has once seen the big, burly figure of the late baronet, the ruddy face, the hair brushed into a curl, and the wonderful broad and curly-brimmed hat, jauntily resting on the side of the head, will ever forget it? Who that has met the jovial son of the great Sir Robert, in a curiously shaped white hat, white-flannel trousers, no waistcoat, a coloured shirt, and a frock-coat thrown well open, on a hot day in the King's Road at Brighton, will ever have the somewhat curious spectacle effaced from his memory? And who that has heard the rolling, breezy periods of Sir Robert Peel, when addressing a public meeting, will forget the pleasure to be derived from that free-and-easy fluency? Of late years, the more serious work which Sir Robert had done for diplomacy, and the period during which he had been Chief Secretary for Ireland, had been wiped out for the general public by that same joviality referred to, by the indiscretions sometimes let loose at those same public meetings, and by the manner of life which had dissipated a princely fortune. Yet to the last Sir Robert Peel remained popular, and his racy speeches are missed by many a jaded and ennuied member in the House. Touching these said indiscretions, many of us will recall the fuss that was made even the homoset's unfattaniar description of the works and ways of the over the baronet's unflattering description of the works and ways of the Primrose Dames during his Brighton campaign, and of the skilful manner by which he tried to evade his own words when brought to book. A good story of another indiscretion was told me some time ago. It took place at a local meeting where Sir Robert was presented with his portrait. Of this, and of the feeling that prompted the offering, the baronet spoke in the most flattering terms, the effect of which was somewhat marred by the audible aside to a friend, "Damned daub! shall shove it in the fire when I get it home!" Then there was the strangely curt pronunciation of Sir J. Boehm's name when, on hearing it said that all art commissions were given to foreigners, he quoted the late sculptor as an exception, remarking that "That name was English enough, anyway." Sir Robert's death appears to have been terribly sudden, and the chatter of the clubs attributed it to an apoplexy, brought on by a fit of temper at hearing that his eminent brother had decided to take the title of Viscount Peel, which, it is said, was most distasteful to



THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEEL ON THE PLATFORM.

the elder representative of the Peel family. In the latter part of his life, Sir Robert's private circumstances made him a stranger to Drayton Manor, the place where his father hoped to found a family, and there is no immediate prospect that his son will return to live in the home associated with the palmy days of the great Minister. Sir Robert Peel was married, in 1856, to Lady Emily Hay, daughter of the eighth Marquis of Tweeddale. He leaves a son, Robert, born in 1867, who succeeds to the title, and three daughters. The successor to the title is a familiar figure in London society. He is now said to be in the United States. His name used to be bracketed by the gossips with that of a well-known beauty.

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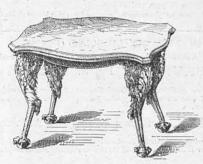
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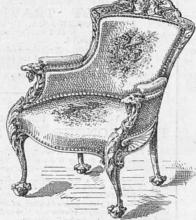
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A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

EXPERIENCES OF "FAUST"—AT THE EMPIRE-

I invariably advise such of my friends as have led varied and interesting lives to write their reminiscences, but, if they will not be convinced, I have no scruples in retailing their anecdotes for the public benefit. The case of Madame Cavallazzi, the Empire "Faust," is in point. Whenever I see her I am benefited by hearing interesting stories well On my last visit, I did not scruple to make furtive notes on my cuff, and, although most of them were illegible, there are yet enough left to yield some copy. The first of these notes deals with General Tom Thumb, who was performing in different American towns at the same time as Her Majesty's Opera Company. Madame Cavallazzi knew the General well. He was a fiery little man, with graceful manners, and a decided penchant for the concoction known to the world as "B. and S." A too liberal devotion at the shrine of his pet nourishment would very often cause the General to be carried off to bed as blind and speechless as though he had been a full-sized man. His wife, who ultimately married another midget, is, to the best of my belief, still alive. The General's attentions to another midget gave Mrs. T. T. some uneasiness the General's attentions to another midget gave Mrs. T. T. some uneasiness that there was no occasion for for a long time, but she ultimately found that there was no occasion for alarm, for it was the little man's invariable rule to be polite to the fair sex.

One of the most curious sights ever seen by the good people of Boston was witnessed one night at the Tremont House Hotel. Madame Cavallazzi was resting in her room after dinner, and to her entered Madame Campanini, with a request that she would come down into the billiard-room, because there was a very interesting game in progress. This was not at first a sufficiently attractive inducement, but Madame Campanini was so very pressing that she at length prevailed, and the two ladies went downstairs together. The approaches to the billiardroom were crammed, and it took some time for the latest arrivals to come within view of the tables. When they did, a strange sight met their eyes. Signor Campanini, the singer, Mr. Charles Mapleson, the impressario, Salvini, the tragedian, and "General" Tom Thumb, the midget, were playing pool, before a large and excited crowd. Of course, the "General" could not reach the table in the ordinary way, so he stood on a chair, and, when he had to play, his servant moved chair and "General" together to the required position. Whether the chair was an assistance or a handicap Madame Cavallazzi does not say, but certain it is that the "General" romped in a winner.

It was when the Mapleson Opera Company was in Washington that the gallantry of "General" Tom Thumb somewhat disturbed Madame Cavallazzi. Madame Patti was singing in the opera of "La Traviata," and the "General" wished to hear her. He could not get away very early in the evening, because he had his own performance to give, so it was arranged that he should come one evening as soon as his show was over. Now, it happened that Madame Cavallazzi was not dancing on that particular evening, so that Mr. Mapleson, her husband, promised to join the "General" in the box that had been reserved for them. The little man arrived during the entr'acte, when foyer and vestibule were crowded with the élite of Washington. At the entrance to the vestibule, the "General," with inevitable gallantry, offered his arm to Madame Cavallazzi, and proceeded to escort her through the crowd. The effect of the stately woman led by the midget was irresistibly funny—people on all sides were unable to resist the impulse to laugh. Suddenly, looking round, Madame Cavallazzi saw her husband close behind her, enjoying the fun. Then she guessed that he had arranged the business, to which the "General" was an innocent party.

While discussing the extraordinary enthusiasm roused in America by

Madame Patti's singing, I asked Madame Cavallazzi to name the town in which excitement ran highest, and she at once mentioned San Francisco. There the seats were announced to be sold on a certain day at a certain music-shop. On the evening before the day appointed, a large crowd gathered. Men and women came with camp-stools and baskets of provisions, and they sat patiently through the long night in order toget seats. Prices were high, the fixed charge for a seat being fifteen dollars, but this fact did not disconcert the people of 'Frisco. Finally, it was suggested that the seats should be put up for auction, and then the price was run up as high as fifty dollars. Of course, this was La Diva's first visit, and her fame had preceded her, and been, if possible, magnified by the American Press; but for fair enthusiasm this record wants a deal of beating. appearance of such a songstress as Madame Patti will be handed down from generation to generation, until it becomes almost a fable.

Madame Cavallazzi told me of a charming incident that occurred when she was in Madrid. She was at the Prince Alphonse Theatre, and was learning a typical Spanish dance in which she was to wear the costume nowadays affected by the great matadors. On a sudden the theatre was burnt down, and the company was compelled to move to another house minus innumerable items of the wardrobe that had been burnt. The manager of the theatre knew that illustrious toreador Lagartijo, who was then at the zenith of his glory, and happened to mention Madame Cavallazzi's loss to him. Thereupon the great matador said that he had jus received his new costume for the forthcoming "Festa de Toros," at Granada, and that it was entirely at Madame's service. So it happened that the brilliant costume saw only the light of the stage, and never tempted a bull to his fate, and Lagartijo came to the theatre to see Madame Cavallazzi dance, and brought with him a huge crowd of his friends and admirers. He had never met the great dancer; he never gave her an opportunity of thanking him personally for his courtesy. He was content to add another example of Spanish breeding and gallantry to his already large exhibition. He has his reward in the fact that, after many years, Madame Cavallazzi recollects the kindness. B.

"FAUST," AT THE EMPIRE.

Photographs by Martin and Salinow, Strand.

I have often, in these columns and others, insisted on this primary requirement in regard to ballets, that they should be beautiful in as fantastic and uncommon a way as possible. If we are to have up-to-date ballets, nothing better in that line has ever been done than "Round the Town" or "On Brighton Pier." But the beauty which these undoubtedly had, was, after all, an accidental, rather than an integral, part of them, had, was, after all, an accidental, rather than an integral, part of them, and I have been hoping for the time when a purely romantic ballet, in the grand manner, should be mounted on my favourite stage. In "Faust" I find, if not quite all, yet nearly all that I have been so long looking out for. As a spectacle, it is as fine as anything the Empire has ever done; it deals adequately with a great story; dancing and pantomime are alike accomplished; and there is not a dull moment, a moment when it is possible to be indifferent, from beginning to end. Only in regard to the music does it fail in being first-rate, the joint efforts of Herr Meyer Lutz and Mr. Ernest Ford not coming rate, the joint efforts of Herr Meyer Lutz and Mr. Ernest Ford not coming within measurable distance of the brilliant, expressive, and really musicianly music with which M. Wenzel used to complete in sound the visible harmonies of Madame Katti Lanner. But here we have a ballet which is really a ballet, and in Signorina Cornalba a première danseuse who is a famous experienced and skilful if not exacially danseuse who is a famous, experienced, and skilful, if not specially danseuse who is a famous, experienced, and skillul, if not specially individual or interesting, dancer—one who is, at all events, of the good school, and continues great traditions. The Faust, too, is impressively acted by Signorina Cavallazzi; and Mdlle. Zanfretta, as Mephistopheles, is more than impressive; she is fascinating—a snake-like spirit of evil. Her part is quite the best in the ballet, and she makes every moment tell. Miss Ada Vincent, as Margaret, has not much to do besides look pretty, and this she does with easy felicity. Miss May Paston is a dashing and daring Valentine, excellent in her pantomime: Mdlle. Cora. whose curious, quietly vivid quality of charm I have mime; Mdlle. Cora, whose curious, quietly vivid quality of charm I have so often praised, is, though earnest throughout, scarcely at her best in a part which does not exactly suit her, the part of Siebel. Mr. Will Bishop has an eccentric dance, which is really as amusing and ingenious as the "masher" dance which he did so admirably in "Brighton Pier"; and Miss Elise Clerc and Miss Edith Slack have a fresh and delightful little dance in the first scene. The main part of the dancing is in the final scene, the revels in a highly coloured but highly delightful paradise of evil. Here we have a whole chain of simple but striking dances, in almost breathless succession; running circles, twisting lines, and now and again a sudden pause, in which all this fitting crowd of reds and blacks forms into an emphatic and exquisite pose. The first scene, which is throughout full of movement and gay bustle, is specially notable for a really original march of troops, picturesque German troops of the Middle

VALENTINE (MISS MAY PASTON), AND WAGNER (MR. WILL BISHOP).

Ages, with their spears and halberds, led by four imposing standardbearers (Miss Milton, Miss Dawson, Miss Shepherd, and Miss Hill), who, in their very conspicuous white dresses, are not less charming than they are conspicuous. Then in the second scene there is the duel, and, at the end of all, a sudden transformation from hell to heaven brings shiningly



MADAME KATTI LANNER.

before us a flight of angels, quite the most attractive company of angels, on quite the most celestial-looking staircase, that I have ever seen. With this pious ecstasy ends a ballet which is mainly, and properly, and most seductively, given over to the world, the flesh, and the devil; a ballet which is superb as a spectacle, and yet entirely adequate, and entirely admirable, as a ballet.

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Back from the outer air they call The athletes from the tennis ball, The angler from his rod and hooks-Would I could sing them one and all-The Rowfant books!

The Rowfant books! In sun and snow They're dear, but most when tempests fall; The folio towers above the row, As once, o'er minor prophets—Saul!

What jolly jest-books, and what small, "Dear, dumpy twelves," to fill the nooks-You do not find on every stall

The Rowfant books!

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Were chained within some college hall; These manuscripts retain the glow Of many a coloured capital; While yet the Satires keep their gall, While the Patissier puzzles cooks, Theirs is a joy that does not pall—
The Rowfant books!

The Rowfant books! Ah! magical
As famed Armida's golden looks, They hold the rhymer for their thrall-The Rowfant books!

ANDREW LANG on Mr. Locker-Lampson's Library.

"FAUST," AT THE EMPIRE.

Photographs by Martin and Sallnow, Strand.



MARGARET (MISS ADA VINCENT).



FAUST (SIGNORINA CAVALLAZZI).



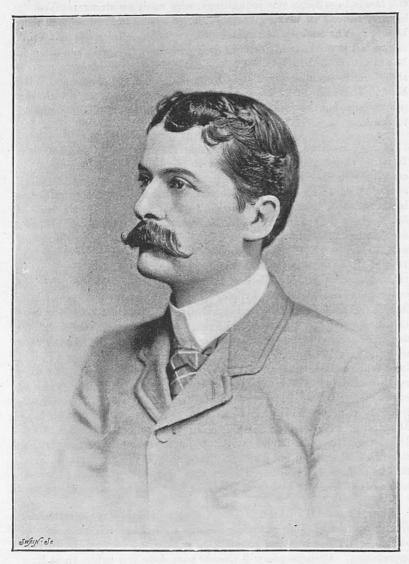
MARGARET AND FAUST,



MEPHISTOPHELES (MDLLE, ZANFRETTA),

THE CONDUCTOR AND COMPOSER OF "FAUST."

The footmen came forward and changed the numbers at each side of the The members of the orchestra re-tuned their instruments, and then there was a slight hush of expectancy, which changed into a loud burst of applause as Mr. Ernest Ford made his way through the band to



MR. ERNEST FORD. Photo by Nicholls, Sandown, Isle of Wight,

the conductor's seat, and took up his bâton. The occasion was the first production, at the Empire, of "Faust," to which Mr. Ford contributes three-fifths of the music. That it was a success we now know, as every paper, without exception, has told us so, and I (writes a representative of the *Sketch*), when the performance was over, went round to the stage-door to congratulate the young composer. After I had successfully passed through the ordeal of obtaining admission, I found Mr. Ford in his comfortable little room beneath the stage, and we plunged at once in medias res.

"What was the first event in your career that decided you definitely

to adopt music as a profession?

"I started by winning the Sir John Goss Scholarship at the age of sixteen, and in the same year I qualified for a fellowship of the Royal College of Organists. After that I remained at the Royal Academy of Music for four years, studying under Sir Arthur Sullivan, Dr. Steggall, and Mr. Harold Thomas. Then I went to America and produced a motet for male voices, which was the principal work performed at the 250th anniversary of Harvard University."

"Did you like America?"

"Yes; they were very appreciative out there, and several other works of mine were well received. When I came back to Europe I went to Paris, where I had the advantage of studying for a short time with M. Lalo, the composer of 'Le Roi d'Ys.' On my return to London I resumed private teaching until I was offered a post as one of the conductors of the English Opera House—now the Palace Theatre. a tentative commission from Mr. Carte to write a romantic opera for that theatre, but you know the history of the ill-fated enterprise.

"You must have been very disappointed?"

"Yes, there was a splendid orchestra, and both 'Ivanhoe' and 'La Basoche' were superbly staged, and I should naturally have been pleased to have had a share in a production as beautiful as either of those two operas. Then Sir Charles Hallé wished to associate me with his Manchester College, but among other difficulties was the fact that I was engaged to write the necessary extra music for 'The Wedding Eve,' which was then due at the New Trafalgar Theatre.

"You may possibly remember," added Mr. Ford, with a sly smile, "The Wedding Eve' was preceded by an operetta called 'The Wooden Special which "

Spoon,' which-

"Please don't!" I interrupted. "I can tell you that the author of the libretto looks through his collection of Press criticisms whenever he feels that his spirit needs chastening. Wedding Eve' had run its course?" What did you do after 'The

"Mr. Carte commissioned me to write a comic opera for the Savoy Theatre. My librettists were Messrs. J. M. Barrie and Conan Doyle. 'Jane Annie' was the result of our labours, and I had no cause to be dissatisfied with the criticisms, except for the fact that two or three papers accused me of imitating the work of Sir Arthur Sullivan. Naturally, as between master and pupil, there were some inevitable similarities of method, but nobody has ever pointed out to me any other respect in which our music is alike. Of course I admire me any other respect in which our music is alike. Of course, I admire Sir Arthur's work very much, and I consider that 'The Yeomen of the Guard' is the finest specimen extant of purely English comic opera."
"What did you do next?"

"On the retirement of M. Wenzel from the Empire, the appointment

"On the retirement of M. Wenzel from the Empire, the appointment of conductor and musical director was offered to me by Mr. George Edwardes, and I was engaged to write the ballet 'La Frolique.'"

"Didn't you think you would be compelled to change your style to suit the atmosphere of the Empire?"

"Why? The reason we think that only foreign musicians can write ballet is that in the English schools only the very serious side of music is taught. The English temperament is more prone to solemnity in music; we go naturally to hymn-forms and oratorio, and the consequence is that the lighter side of music which mind you is the consequence is that the lighter side of music, which, mind you, is not necessarily the less artistic, is left to composers who have not had the benefit of a classical education."

"I see your point; but surely we have plenty of writers of pretty melodies who have not studied so severely as you suggest they should

have done."

"Yes; but mere melody is not everything. To hear a pretty tune put together in a primitive barbarous fashion repels a musician. It is like looking at a pretty woman who is vulgarly dressed."

"How do you like the Empire audiences?"

"I have every reason to be more than gratified at the way they

received me."

"Isn't it a fact that you actually dared to introduce a fugue into

'La Frolique'?"

"I'm afraid I did, and I gave the audience other doses of severely contrapuntal music, but they seemed to like it; and, after all, to please the audience is the composer's aim."

"But isn't that a great departure?"

"Possibly, but why should the higher forms of music be always separated so absolutely from the lighter spirit?"

"So, on the whole, then, you are satisfied with the position you hold?"

"With regard to the great daily journals, I should be ungrateful if I did not recognise their kindness and appreciation, but, like all young composers, I have occasionally to run the gauntlet of personal abuse. But whether musical criticism is in the most competent hands in some of our journals is a question that must be settled by someone of more importance than I can pretend to be."



THE SISTERS LEVEY. Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see." I wonder that, in these days of reforming zeal, some enthusiast does not found an Anti-Oratory League. The fascination of public spouting stimulates a morbid craving to a degree unsurpassed by the delirium of alcohol or opium. I saw a strange illustration of this in Hyde Park two Sundays ago. There had been a great popular 'demonstration," and much rhetoric, diversified by fisticuffs. One politician, I was told, had an eye gouged out by a mere difference of opinion. This violence was not very pertinent, for, if a man must lose something in a heated discussion, it ought to be his tongue and not an eye. It is one of the curses of oratory that it produces this indifference to logic. Well, the great meeting was over, though here and there the sward was dotted with little groups of Anarchists, addressed by small boys as "Fellow slaves." In a pathway quite remote from these I observed the motionless figure of a man. He was dressed as a toiler; in one hand he had a short pipe, the symbol of honest labour; and he was contemplating vacancy with a philosophic gaze. Suddenly he whirled his arms over his head and began to shout. With manifest effort, as if the machinery needed oiling with the intermittent pint, he uttered a series of disconnected words, such as "residuum-demonstration-afternoon." In a twinkling he was surrounded by a crowd, three deep; not an assemblage that appeared to cherish unredressed wrongs, but casual seekers after edification, grave and sincere citizens, liberally endowed with leisure, and drawn to the spot simply by the magic of a human voice talking unmitigated twaddle.

For the orator, encouraged by this public interest, proceeded to pour out words in lavish profusion, without the smallest glimmering of coherence. He alluded to the "supremacy of the seas"; he complained that nobody "consulted" him; he drew attention to the moon; and he warned some person unknown that, "whether he goes pea-picking or 'op-picking, whether he goes to the 'Ouse of Commons, or Spring Gardens, or Monte Carlo, I'll foller 'im-I'll never leave 'im!" It was plain that no one had the ghost of an idea what all this meant; yet the audience listened intently, as if salvation were at stake. It never occurred to them that the bacillus of oratory, which rages through Hyde Park on Sunday, was making this poor creature froth at the mouth. An enormous quantity of words had been discharged into the air that afternoon; and, roving about like evil spirits, they had entered into this man, and were fighting for his articulation. A clearer case of demoniacal possession was never seen. But the crowd, habitually debauched by speeches, took the exhibition as a serious contribution to oracular wisdom. Such fluency excited their admiring wonder; and if they did not in the least understand what it was all about, that was no drawback to their enjoyment and instruction.

"Words without thoughts," as the remorseful Claudius observes, "never to heaven go." But they have a rollicking time on this planet; they are supreme in the senate and at the feast; wherever two or three citizens are gathered together, any flux of gibberish puts them under a spell. This is more deplorable in our country than elsewhere, for the native disposition of the Briton is to reticence. He is a great eater of beef; he is made ruminant by that and by the moisture of his climate; he is more apt to do something than to say it; and, therefore, his passion for interminable chatter is horribly laborious and unnatural. The Latin races talk as they breathe; speech is for them as automatic as the action of the lungs. Something in the clime and the nervous energy of Americans makes oratory as natural to them as mother's milk. The American cannot dine without a fanfarronade of rhetoric between the courses. I remember that at a dinner of the Clover Club in Philadelphia one gentleman made a speech before we were through the soup, and another welcomed the first entrée with a song. When I was tranquilly consuming the wing of a bird, a man who sat opposite, a perfect stranger, bounded to his feet, and proposed my health. As he had never seen me before, he attributed to me qualities of such surpassing excellence that I had no suspicion of being the subject of the discourse, but went on with my toothsome bird till he thundered out my name. That was one of the moments which sear a lifetime with the hot iron of despair. But, as I have said, some peculiar property in the American air sets the national vocabulary going on every man's lips; and, after a little practice, you go out to dinner quite prepared to acknowledge that in virtue you give Cato points, and obliterate the memory of Marcus

In this country, however, there is a rhetorical riot quite contrary to the national character. In the old-fashioned drama, there was always a typical personage who said, "Sir, I am a man of few words"—but even he is gone. The phlegmatic Saxon strives to be a man of many words. We are under the yoke of the Parliamentary bore. It is no longer love that rules the court, the camp, the grove, but the demon of stolid platitudes, who is always proposing toasts, or responding to them, spreading a pall of impenetrable dulness over literature and the arts, dragged to academic banquets to grace his triumph, and made as unintelligible as my foaming spouter in Hyde Park. If we must have the Muses to witness our junkettings, why can't we drink to them in silence, instead of making them blush by vinous stammerings in their honour? The ancients were much more sensible. They did not drink toasts, but poured out libations to their gods and goddesses; and it would be at least rational if, in lieu of maundering through speeches, we were to show our respect for our deities by turning down the glasses and going home. I should like to see an Anti-Oratory League start with this propaganda; but the chances are that the members would talk one another to death.

I have received an awful blow from the hand of William Archer. It is not aimed specially at me, but it topples over the edifice of my confidence in his elementary caution. He does not like "Don Quixote' at the Lyceum; he says it is an intolerable travesty, that Cervantes has been "flouted, besmirched, befooled." This would be literally true if Mr. Irving's Quixote were indeed the Strand burlesque hero of William's imagination. But what is to be said to a critic who delivers himself of this amazing blunder? "Is it conceivable," demands Mr. Archer, "that the Don could say, while holding solemn vigil over his knightly harness, 'Dearer to me than lady fair were a Bologna sausage '?" No, it is not conceivable, except on the hypothesis that throughout the scene which Mr. Archer describes he was suddenly afflicted with deafness and blindness. It is to Sancho that Quixote says, "Dearer to thee than lady fair were a Bologna sausage," and the remark is made before the vigil over the knightly harness begins! O William, William! that you should have fallen thus from your high estate of cold and literal accuracy makes my beart bleed! Even if something went wrong with your eyes and ears on this occasion, surely the slightest reflection might have saved you from this grotesque assumption that Quixote was represented by Mr. Irving as a Jack-pudding longing for a sausage instead of his Dulcinea. It may be fair to say that the actor exaggerated the farcical side of the character; but your criticism asserts, my unfortunate William, that he deliberately suppressed everything else, and personated Quixote as a mere clown.

Now, as your World article of last week will appear at the end of the year in another of those charming volumes which chronicle the annals of our stage, let me beg you to make a suitable apology at the earliest opportunity. Perhaps you will already have done this before these lines appear. I shall expect to see your article this week decorated with a mourning border, and your self-flagellation punctuated with sighs and groans. Even then I doubt whether the old confidence can ever be restored; for, if you, our Aristides, are not proof against error so gross, how can we, mere mortal sinners of the quill, keep any foothold on the path of righteousness? I weep for you, William! I lay a wreath of immortelles upon the cairn of your Caledonian circumspection. From "G. B. S." we do not expect mere accuracy, for is he not a Celtic humorist? When "A. B. W." nods over Congreve, it is no great matter. When the humble writer of this page goes wrong, who cares? But that you, O William! should go wrong so egregiously! In the words of Calverley (reverently adapted)-

And it was you, my William, you,
In whom my bosom most confided,
Who dared to blunder and to do,
I may say, worse than ever I did!

If none of us had ever read "Don Quixote," could we grasp from Wills's version, imperfect as it is, the root-idea of the Don's fantasy? Certainly, to the mass of the Lyceum audience, to the pit and gallery, the Don was incomprehensible. Why this amiable Spanish gentleman should rave about knights-errant, pen love-letters to Dulcinea, imagine that a milkmaid dwelt in a palace, that an inn was a castle, and Boniface a nobleman, was something more abstruse than Sanscrit to the playgoers who had laughed and wept over Corporal Gregory Brewster. The moment the Don appeared, reading his favourite "Amadis de Gaul," the pit sat in frozen wonder. This kind of lunacy was quite beyond them. They had heard, no doubt, of quixotic behaviour, but they could not reconcile it with this courtly grandee, who revelled in the imaginary combats of beings with outlandish names, and addressed crazy apostrophes to a peerless though invisible lady. To some of us Mr. Irving suggests the real Quixote with admirable touches, none the less because Mr. Archer blindly assaults him with the Bologna sausage; but, even if the play were far better, it would be a futile experiment for the general public.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen, according to latest arrangements, is to leave Windsor Castle on Tuesday evening next, about eight o'clock, and will arrive at Balmoral on Wednesday afternoon, travelling by her usual route over the Great Western, London and North-Western, and Caledonian lines. The special train is to stop at Perth for about an hour on Wednesday morning, and her Majesty will breakfast in the Royal Rooms at the Station Hotel. The Duke of Athole is to receive the Queen at Perth. Her Majesty will remain in Scotland until June 26, when the Court returns to Windsor Castle for a residence of three weeks, before going to Osborne for the summer. Princess Louise is to spend the Whitsuntide holidays with the Queen at Balmoral, where she will stay for three weeks.

During her present residence at Windsor Castle, the Queen had arranged to hold an Investiture of the Bath, St. Michael and St. George, and the Indian Orders; but this function has now been postponed until the beginning of July, in order that the "Birthday Honours" may be disposed of at the same time, so that there will be only one large Investiture this year.

The Drawing-Room which the Queen held on Wednesday was a very full one, there being a great attendance of the Diplomatic Corps and of entrée people. Before the doors of the Palace were opened, a long queue of carriages had formed in the park, reaching back to the other side of Marlborough House. The day was wonderfully fine, and everybody looked to the best advantage, while the various shades of green—now so much worn, and which so many ladies had selected—had a particularly restful appearance to the eye, though, unfortunately, while adding immensely to the beauty of youth, they are, it must be admitted, somewhat trying to the too-vivid colouring of middle-age. The number of applications for the entrée was unprecedentedly large, but quite three-fourths of them were refused by her Majesty, who is not disposed to grant these special permissions unless there is good reason for doing so. The officials who form the circle opposite the "throne" were, some of them, terribly tired before the final presentation had been made; but there is, however, an end to everything, and at last the officials were released from their labours, and tottered off to rest their weary legs.

The Prince of Wales will give his usual dinner to the members of the Jockey Club on the evening of the Derby Day. Nearly fifty members of the club have been invited, including Prince Christian and the Duke of Cambridge. A select few of the Prince's special set have been asked to join the party after dinner, when there are always great "diversions."

The Sikh chief, Sirdar Bhai Jasmir Singh, is a man with a grievance, which is likely to be heard of in Parliament at an early date. He is a direct descendant of the elder branch of the great Phul family of the



SIRDAR BHAT JASMIR SINGH.

Punjab, his kinsmen the Maharajah of Patiala and the Rajahs of Nabha and Jheend being descended from younger branches of the same family. He is, by inheritance, the seventh Chief of Kythal, a principality founded by his ancestor, Sirdar Bhai Desu Singh, in 1767. In 1803, the third Chief of Kythal, Sirdar Bhai Lal Singh, assisted Lord Lake against the Mahrattas, and added largely to the Kythal territory. His second son, Bhai Oodai Singh, the fifth chief, died in 1843, childless, and the nearest heir was a cousin, Sirdar Bhai Golab Singh. At this time the revenue of the principality, which included some 1600 square miles, was about £50,000 per annum. The Indian authorities, who had then just begun their now abandoned policy of annexation, contended that Bhai Golab Singh being a cousin-that is, a collateral heir-could

not succeed to the whole principality, and they, therefore, took possession of it, and offered him a few villages. This offer he refused, and died in 1845, leaving Bhai Jasmir Singh, his sen, then seven years of age, his

heir and successor. It is against this action of the Indian authorities that Sirdar Bhai Jasmir Singh is now appealing to Parliament for an inquiry. I hear that the Earl of Dunraven has consented to present his petition to the House of Lords, and also to present a petition from the inhabitants, who to the number of many thousands have signed petitions to Parliament in favour of the restoration of Kythal to its lawful chief. Sirdar Bhai Jasmir Singh is fifty-seven years of age, and has spent many years in appealing to the Indian authorities. He has two sons, the eldest, Bhai Shamsher Singh, born in 1890, and the younger, Bhai Ranjeet Singh, born last year.

The Duke and Duchess of Coburg will give several dinner-parties during their two months' residence at Clarence House, and possibly one or two receptions. It is probable they will be the guests of Prince and Princess Christian at Cumberland Lodge during Ascot race-week.

The Queen of Holland was much pleased and interested with her visit to Virginia Water, where the royal party took tea in the pavilion on the banks of the lake. This wonderful "summer-house" was built by George IV., who used to spend a great many evenings there with his intimate friend, Lady Conyngham; it is fitted up in the most luxurious manner.

Hibernia should no longer plead the privilege of being "distressful." Her interests have become the fashion, and she has even arrived at the stage of being taken seriously to heart by duchesses. Following the patriotic measure of the Duchess of Sutherland's Scotch sale at Stafford House last season, Lady Duncannon set herself to organise a similar benefit occasion for the sister isle, which took place at Lady Fitzwilliam's house, 4, Grosvenor Square, the other day, with great éclat. The Duchess of York (accompanied by the Duke) opened the sale, and purchased different articles at each stall. Her Royal Highness wore her favourite blue, with bonnet to match, and was much interested in a splendid piece of lace made at the convent in Youghal, long famous as a lace-making centre, the cost of producing which had alone been £200. Lady Londonderry, very quietly dressed in grey, was assisted by her daughter, Lady Helen Stewart, in showing wonderful specimens of Irish lace. Lady Arran's more substantial exhibition included homespuns and tweeds variously, for which Irish looms have long had a reputation, while the Duchess of St. Albans stall was covered with a wealth of lovely linen and embroidery, which might make the mouth of any hausfrau water. Lady Lucan was very earnest in her efforts to popularise the famous Lucan tweeds, and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar's stall was devoted to the Garry Hill Cottage Industries exhibits, chiefly embroideries of the most beautiful kind. Close at hand, Lady Bantry's pretty flowertable made a pleasing change, while the Duchess of Abercorn, in a neighbouring corner, took orders for hand-knit hosiery. Altogether, the sale, even from a gate-money point of view, was a notable success, and, it is hoped, will give a mucl-needed fillip to many industries, which only languish for want of being more widely known.

The death-day of our national hero, Nelson, seldom passes without some notice in the public press, and never without his gallant ship, the fine old Victory, in Portsmouth Harbour, being becomingly decked for the anniversary of this memorable occasion; but the birthday of the Victory herself passes, I think, all unnoticed, and, indeed, is probably unknown to nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of the Queen's subjects. I confers that I myself was one of the ignorant, till a short time ago, when I learned by chance that this "wooden wall of old England" was launched on May 7, 1765, and is therefore just one hundred and thirty years old. Of course, a good deal of money has been expended on the Victory to keep her in repair, and it is only a few years ago that she was dry-docked, and thoroughly overhauled, and renewed in every direction, at a very considerable cost—a cost, I should suppose, that not the most uncompromising "peace at any price" Radical would dare to say he grudged.

In a certain drawing-room the other afternoon we were talking of some well-known superstitions, and, among others, of that secret room in the Castle of Glamis, which Sir Walter Scott tells us is known only to the Earl of Strathmore, his heir-apparent, and one other person in whom the Earl may choose to confide. One of our party told us an amusing story concerning this secret chamber of Glamis. Once, when stopping at the eastle in the autumn, a curious and indiscreet visitor took advantage of the host's absence to suggest a plan by which the whereabouts of the hidden chamber should be revealed. The eastle was full, and it was proposed that each guest should hasten to his or her room, and hang his or her pillow out of the window, while one visitor was told off to mark such window as displayed no white signal. In the middle of carrying out this pretty plan the master of the castle returned unexpectedly, and great was his wrath at this unseemly curiosity. Never had the owner of Glamis appeared in so towering a passion. The display of temper is hardly to be wondered at, for the Glamis secret is regarded with an extraordinary seriousness by the Strathmore family, and, when imparted to the heir, has been known to fill him with a gloom hard to dispel.

The old theatre at Daventry was used again last week, after having had no public stage performance in it for twenty-three years. The "house" has some interest from the fact that Charles Mathews often trod its boards.

The recent fire at Hampton Court Palace, which occurred in the store-room of a lady resident in Fountain Court, has given rise, I hear, to one or two restrictions, which will, it is hoped, minimise the possibility of a recurrence. In such a museum of art-treasures, no precautions can be too rigorously enforced; and the possession of such inflammable treasures as paper lamp-shades and other diaphanous ornaments should be regarded by the authorities as a capital misdemeanour. Hair-curling vid methylated spirit is also the fruitful source of many conflagrations, and I know of one wise husband who allows his wife any extravagance in the matter of artificial fascinations from her coiffeur, but absolutely vetoes the use of tongs at home.

Mr. Haweis has discovered a very able substitute during his absence abroad in the Rev. James Weller, who recently married Lady Marion Buchanan. Mr. Weller is a vigorous and eloquent preacher, with a fine voice and a wonderful command of language. He is of the broad and muscular Christian, Charles Kingsley, school, and he encourages the same musical services inaugurated by Mr. Haweis. Madame Belle Cole has been engaged to take part in the popular services.

Here is the first brougham, or all that remains of it, that was ever built. It was constructed for the great Lord Brougham, by whose name vehicles of this kind have since been known. Some years ago it was presented by Mr. Stephens, coach-builder (who retained the wheels), to Mr. B. S. Jackson, of Mostyn Hall, Penrith, in the grounds of which it



Photo by Bryant, Penrith.

now rests. The Brougham coat-of-arms is on the panel of the door. Brougham Hall, by the way, is about a mile and a half from the town of Penrith. This brougham is quite historic, and its fate reminds me of the old sedan-chair of which Mr. Austin Dobson sings, as standing in the stable-yard under the eaves, propped up by a broomstick, and covered with leaves. Truth to tell, the brougham is even worse off, for it has had no poet—a want I have tried to supply:—

Though Austin Dobson sings
The stately old sedan
(Now numbered with the things
That men have learned to ban),
The rhymers never can
Induce their muse to boom
This first created,
Decorated,
Celebrated
Brougham,

The hansom cab is good,
And duly gets its praise
From Captain Basil Hood
(Who writes Our Arthur plays);
The four-in-hand, the chaise
In poets' verses bloom:
But not the roomy
Smart and groomy

But not the roomy
Smart and groomy
(Seldom gloomy)
Brougham!

I see it newly built
(Of course, with fancy's eye),
In all the paint and gilt
That money well could buy.
You can't, although you try.
Forget the lord from whom
Is based the story
Of its glory,
Poor old hoary
Brougham!

How proudly once it bore
The greatest in the land!
Alack! it rolls no more
Along the busy Strand.
For Time, with ruthless hand,
Has brought it to its doom;
And now 'tis shattered,
Bruised and battered,
Poor old tattered
Brougham!

Gipsy camp-fires, though doubtless comforting to the tribes, or, from an artist's point of view, invaluable adjuncts in a landscape, are apt to become disconcerting on occasions when mettlesome horses pass that way. Lady Lonsdale's carriage accident at Whissendine, last week, would point the moral sufficiently. Her horses took fright in passing the encampment, and dashed into a hedge, smashing the victoria, and throwing Lady Lonsdale and both servants violently to the ground. No serious injury, happily, occurred, and Lady Lonsdale was able to continue her journey to Barley Thorpe Hall.

It is rather amusing to hear from yachting enthusiasts across the "herring-pond" that the new yacht now being built to champion the American Cup has received its name of Defender from a little girl six years old. A prize was offered for the most suitable name, and thousands of enterprising people daily posted their inspirations, with satisfactory results, no doubt, to the Stamp Department. But it was given to this wee person to pitch on the happy title which has been approved by all the Yacht Club committees as most appropriate. I hear that the yacht's young godmother could not write very fluently, so printed the name, with much labour and expenditure of inky effects, after which her nurse was duly despatched with the precious packet to a post-office. And now little Connie Robertson is quite a famous person in "New York City."

The production of Mr. Wilson Barrett's "Sign of the Cross" has given rise to a furore of excitement in America. I have seen a letter from Mr. Barrett to a friend in which he says—

When I told you the story of my play, on the eve of my departure for America, you said "The theme is sublime." This is being said of the play in all directions. Priests, clergymen, teachers, managers, critics, audiences, galleries, and stalls, all are enthusiastic over the play and the purpose that runs through it. The other night, on leaving the stage, at the end of the play, I found a clergyman waiting to see me. He had walked unbidden through the door. He seized my hands and thanked me in the name of Christianity for the grand service I was rendering it.

Mr. Tree's announcement that he is about to revive "Fédora" at the Haymarket, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the title-rôle, Mrs. Bancroft in her original character of the Countess Olga Soukareff, and the actormanager himself as Loris Ipanoff, paves the way legitimately for a host of "Fédora" anecdotes. Mr. Bancroft has graphically told how Sarah Bernhardt's acting on the dress-rehearsal of Sardou's play in December, 1882, at once transformed his previous attitude of doubt into "not a moment's hesitation as to buying the English rights in the play."

The London première of Herman Merivale's version of "Fédora" took place at the Haymarket, Saturday, May 5, 1883, Mr. Bancroft and his wife appearing respectively as the French diplomatist, Jean de Siriex, and the Countess Olga, Mr. Charles Coghlan as Ipanoff, and Mrs. Bernard-Beere as Fédora, others in the east being Mr. Brookfield, Mr. F. Everill, Mr. Smedley (son of Edmund Yates), Mr. Stewart Dawson, and Miss Julia Gwynne (now retired from the profession). The play was a prodigious success, and drew crowded houses through the summer.

On leaving town for their holiday, the Bancrofts resigned their parts to Mr. Conway and Miss Calhoun (once again among us), and on the resumption of the run late in the autumn, after an enforced closure, Mr. Bancroft replaced Mr. Coghlan as Ipanoff, Mrs. Bancroft still "standing down." Chops and changes of this sort never do a piece any good, but, still, the play kept on until the production, in November, of Mr. Pinero's "Lords and Commons"; and these "Fédora" representations are ranked by the Bancrofts as the third most successful "single run" in the course of their managerial career.

The Sgidger is a wonderful dog, or, rather, she has a wonderful leg, which attracted much attention when she was on view at the Aquarium



Dog Show last week. It was made for her by her owner, Mr. Edward Mosely, of Regent Street, rather more than a year ago, and is probably the first instance of anything beyond a broomstick or pin leg, so to speak, being made for one of the lower animals.

"FAUST," AT THE EMPIRE.

Photographs by Martin and Sallnow, Strand.





As I hinted in this paper a month or so ago, Otero will be in London about a month from now. Her destination is not yet settled, but I am told that she proposes to sing to us. La Belle Otero is a curious combination, a product of the century. Ambitious, extravagant, beautiful, and industrious, she has shared the adoration of Paris and Monte Carlo with Liane de Pougy and Émilienne d'Alençon, although I venture to think that she has worked harder than either of the others to maintain her position. Originally a Spanish Dancer, and now one of the chanteuses fantaisiste school, the change is great. Beyond a sudden glimpse while in Paris four or five months ago, I have not seen Otero since her appear-in London, at the Empire, some years ago. Then she was a perfect type of Andalusian beauty, with eyes that seemed to scorch everything upon which they gazed. Her dancing and singing were good, although by no means wonderful; but it was enough to see her, and criticism faded away and was forgotten. Triumphs in America and Paris, together with hard and assiduous practice, may have improved Otero's singing and stage deportment, but will the remnants of Spanish fire and enthusiasm have survived the repressing influence of civilisation? It is scarcely likely. Down to the present, I have failed to find Spanish dancing anywhere outside its native home.

Mr. John Hollingshead is a wonderful man. Two months ago he opened the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, as a music-hall, on principles which he has long advocated. All went merry as a marriage-bell, until one day, all of a sudden, the following notice was posted up—

Notwithstanding the kind and liberal support accorded to me by the Liverpool Press and public, and the fact that about 45,000 paying visitors have been to and approved of the Alexandra Theatre entertainments in seven weeks, I have decided reluctantly to close the house at once, as I do not feel disposed to carry it on as the happy hunting-ground for lawyers and sheriff's officers. We have rented Hengler's commodious cirque, and open there at 7.30 to-night with all the orchestra and artists.

Mr. Hollingshead removed all the plants, hangings, statues, and ornamental furniture, chandeliers, electric fittings, &c., of the foyer (here illustrated). At the same time, he took the company and scenery to Hengler's, all this being done in six short hours. Next day, the lessee of the theatre, accompanied by a number of men, went to the stage-door with the view of obtaining possession. When they reached the door, a man appeared at a window, declaring he had possession, and meant to keep it. With this, he flourished the nozzle of the theatre fire-hose, and the crowd again cheered. The lessee's men approached the door, but the man in possession turned on the water, and deluged those below so effectually that they beat a retreat. Ultimately, one of the doors gave way before the powers of the attacking force, who entered, and the men in possession walked quietly out of the building.

A great many notable Londoners gathered together at the Savoy Hotel, in answer to Mdlle. Yvette Guilbert's invitation, in order to hear a kind of dress-rehearsal performance of some dozen new songs now sung by her in London for the first time. They were one and all

exquisitely rendered by the famous divette, and in many respects differ greatly from the strange lurid repertoire to which she has accustomed her admirers. The double entendre element was also, may I say pleasantly, lacking in more than one of the most charming of her chansonnettes, and most people will prefer her rendering of Béranger's "Lisette" to "Ma Grand'-mère." It must not be supposed, however, that Mdlle. Guilbert has entirely altered her methods; lovers of the grotesque and horrible will still find plenty to please them; notably in "Morphinée" and in "La Terre," she gives food for thought to the most optimistic of her listeners. Still she has done well to prove that she can succeed in producing as great an impression with the simple oldworld story of Béranger's "Lisette" as with the fin de siècle ditties by which she is best known.

His old friends will be interested to learn that Mr. C. R. Brighten, late manager of the Oxford Music Hall, who is recruiting in Australia, has been exploring the Blue Mountains in New South Wales. He has met with no end of adventures, one of which was not without its serious-

ness. Mr. Brighten, as a music-hall man, knows something of the boxing kangaroo, but now he has had an experience of the marsupial in its native element, for one day, while he was out riding, a huge wallaby boldly attacked him. The result was that Mr. Brighten had a nasty fall. On another occasion he joined a shooting party of twenty guns, and 170 wallaby fell to them.

Most sport has its special season, and one shoots partridges at one time and Hurlingham pigeons at another, or tickles the palate of a salmon up-stream when cod's-head and shoulders no longer bring their solid joys to table. But the announcement of a bull-fight season was a distinct surprise, when, happening to spend Easter in Madrid, I discovered that these sanguinary delights of the sawdust and arena are begun each year with Easter Ides. A number of wretched horses were despatched on the opening day, and one of the principal matadors



MR. C. R. BRIGHTEN.

Photo by Newman, Sydney.

had a narrow squeak when a furious bull made an unexpected assault in his direction. There was breathless sensation, and for a moment the people thought their favourite lost; but the man, with unusual presence of mind, flung himself on the ground, and Mr. Bull, with a snort of contempt, charged after another adversary. I never remember a more exciting instant, and, when the furious animal passed, it seemed as if thirteen

thousand spectators drew one deep breath of relief together. At Barcelona, a number of accidents occurred the same day, principally through a stampede which occurred when a raging bull bounced over the barrier, laying about with his tail and horns in all directions.

It is often erroneously assumed that Mr. Irving has never acted in Paris. But he has. He went over to the "gay city" in the early 'sixties with Edward Askew Sothern, who failed dismeller as Land Dundwaren in failed dismally as Lord Dundreary in "Our American Cousin," and he created—in English, of course—the part of Abel Murcott, originally taken by old Chippendale at the Haymarket. Thus Sothern's amiable biographer, Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton, records the event : "In due course 'Dundreary' tried his fortune in Paris, but there he did not make a success. French audiences failed to see the humour of the creation, and his Lordship was slightingly alluded to by critics as 'un sort de snob.'" It is interesting, however, to note that Henry Irving, Edward Saker, and John T. Raymond were members of the company. Irving played the drunken lawyer's clerk, Abel Murcott. But the failure of "Dundreary" did not damp Sothern's animal spirits, for he played in Paris the wildest practical jokes at the expense of the gendarmes.

That eminent guide to fashionable London, the Royal Blue Book, has just made its appearance for May. It improves with age.



GRAND FOYER OF THE ALEXANDRA THEATRE, LIVERPOOL.

Photo by Barnes, Brown, and Bell, Liverpool.

A delightful "bangle and bracelets" story is told by a well-known Transatlantic gossip. The wife of a certain dramatist, on dit, rejoices in a bracelet composed of bangles, each one of them given to her by her husband in token of the plays he has written. He has made no difference whether his pieces were "frosts" or "gocs," the only point of divergence being that the bangle is gold when the work is original, and silver when it is merely an adaptation. The story goes on that there is a baker's dozen of the more precious metal and an ordinary dozen made out of "white" bullion. A playwright revering his Shakspere would have given some place to the pale and meagre lead, after the manner of Portia.

Certain of us were discussing the quality and quantity of diamonds worn at a certain London theatre, and the man who knows all about the matter said that their combined value must run well into six figures. "I do not see the necessity for all this profusion," said an old actor, who was one of our party; "for nowadays imitation is carried to such perfection that under the lime and electric lights it would be impossible to tell the difference." "I can't agree with you," said the manager; "a

messenger: "Ain't got none—it's only a property necklace," or words to that effect. "Well," said the tradesman, who knew a good thing when he saw one, "you go back for a written authority; I don't give diamond necklaces worth more than a thousand pounds to the first man who calls for them!" When the manager received this message, he was furious, and went to the shop at once. There he found, to his amazement, that the necklace so recklessly treated o' nights was composed of genuine diamonds, worth a large amount. For a long time nobody could understand the mystery, but it was afterwards cleared up. At the shop in London where it was regularly repaired, the stones had once been set aside by those belonging to a noble lady's tiara. They were, by some strange chance, very similar in size, shape, and number, and, by mistake, the paste went to the tiara and the diamonds to the property necklace.

A funny story reaches me from a well-known and popular London theatre. Quite recently a lady, whose stage name we will call Miss Blank, was engaged to appear in the piece. Now the fact that the lady is in the theatrical profession compels her to drop her real name, which we



MR. SPEAKER GULLY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

practised eye always tells the difference between diamonds and paste, however good the latter may be." At this remark there was a murmur of assent, but the actor maintained his position. "I will tell you what occurred to me when I was in harness," he said, "and you will modify your views a little." When he had told the story, I asked permission to publish it, and he said it was at my disposal, but would I suppress names of persons and place? This I have done, but there is no question about the truth of the story, which has since been confirmed by another member of the old company.

A very popular melodrama had been produced in London, a piece in which the heroine did as New Women are popularly supposed to do, and then repented in the last act. To emphasise her repentance, she took the diamond necklace from her neck, cast it upon the ground, and spurned it heavily. The long-suffering necklace was made of paste stones, with strong gold setting, and had to be repaired two or three times a week, owing to its cruel usage. After a very long run in town, the piece was sent into the provinces, and the poor necklace was, as usual, thrown about and trodden on, until it came to grief once more, and was sent to some provincial jeweller for the usual repairs. Towards the evening, the manager sent a man to fetch it in time for the performance. "Where is your written order?" said the man of jewels. Said the

will call Mrs. Asterisk, until she is outside the theatre. Rehearsals went off quite well, and Miss Blank made a successful début. She shares a dressing-room with another lady, and, after the performance, proceeded leisurely to don the garb and complexion of private life. Meanwhile Mr. Asterisk had arrived at the stage-door and sent a message by a janitor to his wife to say that he was waiting for her. Of course, he sent to her in her stage name, and the messenger, having received a tip, wished to do his work properly. So he went to summon a dresser, and met Miss Blank coming down a passage with some other ladies. Then he called her aside mysteriously. "There's a gentleman waiting for you, Miss," he whispered; better let the other ladies go on first and I'll tell you when the road is clear." "What is his name?" asked the lady, beginning to see what the man thought. And then, taking her card-case from her pocket, she handed a card to the messenger, who thought he had secured a mystery, a scandal, and a second tip all at once. Truly these little incidents are not without some significance.

An interesting item of literary intelligence. There lives at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, a railway engineer, named Oliver J. Goldsmith, who claims to be a descendant of poor Noll, wit, poet, dramatist, and struggling author. This modern Oliver Goldsmith rejoices in a family by whom the torch of heredity may be handed down.



LA BAIGNEUSE UP-TO-DATE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND A. H. FRY, EAST STREET, BRIGHTON.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A SPINSTER OF FABLES.

BY R. C. SAVAGE.

Certainly a clever author spoke in haste when he affirmed the contrary proposition to David's "All men are liars." Or, perhaps, he left women proposition to David's "All men are hars." Or, pernaps, he left women out of it, as insignificant. I don't tremble for the decay of lying so long as Clara St. John is alive. Such a born leader of men must have a following, and, if a following means imitative disciples, Clara will be answerable for a very pretty army of the audaciously untruthful. When I write her name, I experience an unpleasant sensation, for I am by no means sure she didn't invent it. It pleased her to weave a little romance about her descent from Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, and it was one of her cleverest, for it was supported by a certain devilry in her

composition which she might reasonably be supposed to inherit from him.

I met her first at Lady Popham's. She looked very well in green. I hate it, broadly speaking, but Clara's red hair and splendid complexion converted me to the particular shade she affected. The complexion was her own, but the hair, I fancy, had sought a modern counterpart to the

mediæval dye-pot of Venice.

"Do you shoot big game?" she asked.

"No, pheasants only, warranted quiet and respectable," I rejoined.

"Oh, what a disappointment! Your brown face is a fraud."

"And your white face is a fraud."

"Your reason, Sir?" she said, laughing; and the laugh was not altogether spontaneous, for Clara was well aware of the beauty of her good teeth, which I would say were like ivory, if the comparison had not

lost all meaning with age.

"Because," I answered slowly, "you look very simple and débonnaire, and absorbed in the game of sweet frocks and Paris millinery, but really you are engaged in quite a different business. Your life is not made up

of chiffons, like the lives of most women here to-night."

It was a mere thrust on my part, to draw blood. I knew nothing about her. Lady Popham had said, "Let me introduce you to my genius—she is very beautiful," but Lady Popham had often said it before, and I attached no particular importance to her description. She always had a genius; it never went out of fashion with her, any more than an umbrella.

"You are observant," Miss St. John drawled languidly. "I am

a poet."

The assurance of her statement took me aback. I looked straight at her to see if she was joking. On the contrary, her grey eyes were perfectly serious. For the first time I noticed she had extraordinarily long black eyelashes, by which she triumphantly avoided the insipid penalty the majority of women with red hair have to pay for it.
"Oh, really," I stammered rather foolishly. "Have you written

anything?"

"You are cynical. I should not have told you I was a poet out of

flippancy."
"Well, you know, there are poets who don't write."

"To have the true poetic heart Is better than the poet's fame,"

quoted Miss St. John gravely. "Is that what you mean? Well, I don't mean to be contented with the poet's heart. Every other person goes in for that nowadays. I want the fame-oh, how I want the fame

I looked at her in astonishment. She was transfigured by the passion with which she flung out the last words. She got up abruptly and went out on to the balcony. It was an odd thing to do, because, although the night was warm and close, it was drizzling. I was annoyed, yet I followed.
"You will spoil your dress."

"Mr. Delahay, will you listen to one of my poems?"

We spoke almost simultaneously, and I, seeing that the rain did not trouble her, turned up my collar and begged her to say one. As she progressed, I recognised Swinburne, with a word or two altered here and there, but still Swinburne. I marvelled at her audacity, and when she finished—she recited with great sweetness and strength—I made no comment. I felt it difficult to tell a beautiful woman that her plagiarism

passed the limits of honesty.

A few days later she wrote asking me to dine with her. in an old-fashioned street in Westminster, quite alone, yet she seemed entirely oblivious that she was transgressing les convenances in inviting me. The dinner was good; more wonderful still in a young woman's menage, the wine was good too. Under its influence, perhaps, I began to get a little excited. It was an unusual position, and I lost my head. There was excuse for it. Clara, in a plain black satin gown, with old point at the neck and sleeves, looked magnificent. As she walked into her boudoir from the dining-room, I followed close, too close upon her. I put out my arm, and for one moment crushed her in an uncontrolled passion of admiration. Even at this distance of time, I can recall the intoxication of the contact. She freed herself very quietly, and my face burned hot as I saw her coolness.
"Will you explain, please?" she said deliberately.

I hung my head.

"I cannot explain, for there is no possible explanation."

"Then you will go," she answered, and moved away from me.
"No, I shall not go!" I said impetuously. "Strange and incredible

as it may seem, I have fallen in love with you. From the moment I saw you at Lady Popham's I knew you were the only woman I should ever want to marry. I am rich and I have no ties. There is nothing to prevent my marrying you!"

"You mean it?" she said, looking steadily at me.

"Yes, yes!" I cried, unhinged by her beauty, and the heavy scent of hyacinths in the room, and the strong old Madeira. Resides I had an

"Yes, yes!" I cried, unlinged by her beauty, and the heavy scent of hyacinths in the room, and the strong old Madeira. Besides, I had an overpowering desire to kiss her, and, under cover of a proposal of marriage, I felt that I might do it.

"Sit down," she said coldly. "No—over there," as I made a quick movement to the sofa on which she was leaning.

"Although you met me in Society, with its absurd large 'S,'" she began, "I am not your equal. I made myself an entrance into it by lies, and by lies I have won a position there. I talk of the old home in Gloucestershire, which Bolingbroke built, and in which I was born. It does not exist. I spin yarns about the greatness from which I have fallen to three rooms in Westminster. As a matter of fact, this is better than anything I have known before. I talk about Venice, Florence—when it is safe, about Granada or Constantinople—and say every stone in when it is safe, about Granada or Constantinople—and say every stone in their streets is dear to me. I have never been out of England in my life. I show the people who value works more than personality, poetry which I have never written. Some of them adore me for it. I play a part on a stage propped up by a series of romances. Even now, as I confess to you, I am not altogether honest. I am incapable of speaking

the truth.

"Many men have asked me to marry them on impulse, as you have done," she went on. "There must be some strange magnetism in my nature, I suppose, that does it. I would give a great deal to marry; it would simplify life, and free me from debts and other harassing things. But not from generosity, simply from a consideration of what I can bear, I cannot bind myself for life to a man who does not know my propensity for lying, to call it by its right name. The man I marry must realise I am a fraud."

"Well," I said uneasily, "I suppose we are none of us quite

exemplary about telling the truth or anything else, if all were known. The important thing is not to be found out. It seems to me you go

rather near the edge when you pass off Swinburne as original poetry."

"It has an ugly sound in your mouth," said Clara.

"I would make it uglier," I said drily, "if I thought it would induce you to give up literary cheating. It isn't worth it; it's a poor sort of

dodge."

"You are finding fault with me as an artist, not as a woman?"

"Oh, I have no morality," I answered airily. "The lake of fire and brimstone prepared for all liars was played out with a personal devil. It is in this life that romancing brings its punishment."

Clara yawned.
"Good-bye," she said sleepily. "It is late."
She had thrown herself carelessly down on the sofa, and as I came over to her I felt admiration of her loveliness surging wildly into my blood again. I knelt down on the floor, and, leaning over her, kissed the smooth white neck.

"One thing before I go," I murmured. "What made you ask me

"I liked your brown face. I thought it looked honest, and it is a characteristic of dishonest people to adore honesty."
"Is that all?" I asked, disappointed.

"Absolutely."

I felt I had cut a poor figure. I had asked her to marry me, and, when she had made her confession, I had turned faint-hearted, and behaved as if her lapses from truth were the bar she represented them. All night I tossed about, and could not get myself under control. It seemed to me that, in all my easy-going club-bachelor life, I had never had such a feverish desire before. It upset me. I got up, and tried to read. It was no good. The woman's white face came between me and my book; I could feel her body in the straight black satin gown.

The next morning, my man presented me with a bill which had come by hand, demanding instant payment. I swore a little, but told Philips to get my pocket-book out of my dress-coat. I knew it had a few notes in it, won at a lucky whist. They would save my writing a cheque, and receiving an unpleasant notice from my bankers that my account was considerably overdrawn. Philips came back in a few minutes, and declared the pocket-book was not there. Together we ransacked my rooms, but the dun had to go away without the money.

I took it calmly. Back upon my memory had flashed a moment last night, when I had leant over Clara St. John, and her delicate white hands had played with my coat. It seemed monstrous, yet something told me it was not impossible that she had taken the book. I took a cab to Westminster, and asked to see her. It was still early, and she was at breakfast, but she received me composedly.

"I am sorry to intrude at this unearthly hour," I said formally, "but I came to inquire if I dropped a pocket-book here last night. It contained notes for about fifty pounds. I am very careless, and don't know the numbers, so I suppose I run a poor chance of getting them back, unless, indeed, I lost the book here.'

Clara smiled. There was not a shade of embarrassment in the smile. "How unfortunate, Mr. Delahay! I will ring and ask the housemaid if anything was found in either of the rooms this morning, but I am afraid she would have told me at once if the pocket-book had been dropped here.'

Then I made my coup. I took her by the wrists, and, fired with a sort of inspiration, I cried out—

"It was not dropped. You took it when you were lying on the sofa last night. I know it, and yet I don't despise you. Knowing it, I repeat my offer. I ask you to marry me!"

She tore her wrists out of my grasp. I noticed the red imprint of my

fingers on the soft white hands.

"You dastardly cad!" she said, in a low, scornful voice.
dare you? What you have said is unbelievably horrible! here and accuse me of theft in my own house! You ought to be whipped for it! Any other punishment would be too dignified!"
She looked very beautiful in her cool white dress. Her con-

temptuous words meant little to me in comparison with that exquisite

fact. "Good-bye, then," I said, and held out my hand. She did not

"So you won't shake hands? Very well. Because I admire you so much, I shall make no attempt to prove what a ready instinct assures me is true; and I shall always be delighted to see you, if at any time you should wish it."

With that I went, feeling certain that Clara St. John would come round; feeling certain, too, that she was richer by the fifty pounds for

which I was poorer.

Later, I had the next best thing to ocular proof. I was rallied by my little cousin, Connie Marchmont, on having presented a griffin pencil-case, her Christmas gift to me, to Miss St. John. I protested, denied, and then struck my forehead in admiration of my own insight.

The griffin had always lived in the lost pocket-book.

Yet I am an inconsolable admirer of the daring romanticist still.

THE CENTENARY OF THE ABERNETHIAN SOCIETY.

On May Day the Abernethian Society of St. Bartholomew's Hospital celebrated its centenary. The society, which is composed of the students at the Hospital, was founded by the well-known John Abernethy,



JOHN ABERNETHY. From the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

was Assistant-Surgeon to the Hospital. The Abernethian is second oldest society of its kind in London, the Middlesex Hospital Medical Society having been founded about twenty years previous to the similar one at St. Bartholomew's. Abernethy was really the founder of the Bartholomew's Medical School; before his time the teaching was very poor, and instruction was given irregularly. His lectures were so popular that the Governors of the Hospital built a theatre for him. He thoroughly organised the teaching, and put it into such a state that the many eminent men who have succeeded him have

during the time that he

been enabled to build on his structure and to place the Medical School in a position which is second to none in the world. The great Sir Benjamin Brodie speaks of Abernethy as an admirable teacher, and says: "Like most of his pupils, I was led to look up to him as being of a superior order, and I could conceive nothing better than to follow in his

Himself a pupil of John Hunter and Percivall Pott, Abernethy had the gift of attracting pupils to him. When he started the society at St. Bartholomew's it was known as "The Medical and Philosophical Society." After Abernethy's death, in 1831, the members changed the name to "The Abernethian Society," and so it stands to this day as a memorial to the man who did so much for the medical students of his time. Besides the society, there are other memorials to Abernethy at St. Bartholomew's. On the walls of the hall hangs the magnificent portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, a ward has been called after his name, and a silver cup, which was presented to him by his pupils, is used as a loving-cup. The society decided to celebrate its centenary by giving a conversazione at the Hospital. This was most successfully carried out on May Day. An interesting collection of Abernethy relies was on view, in addition to a good display of instruments and apparatus of a professional character. The Hospital Dramatic Club gave a performance of "A Regular Fix," and the Grenadier Guards delighted the guests with their music.

A CHAT WITH "MRS. RALLI-CARR."

As Mrs. Ralli-Carr, the professional chaperon in "Gentleman Joe," Miss Aïda Jenoure gets a better chance than she has done for some time; but she can do better things, for the comic-opera stage has, in my opinion, no artist so versatile as she is. As a dancer, not only has she grace and sound technique, but the rare gift of individuality; her singing shows style, and her voice is charming; while she can act—is, indeed, an actress of sufficient skill to have been chosen for the chief part in Mr. Horner's version of "Champignol Malgré Lui" when it was produced at the Court Theatre. Since the great kissing question was in the air (writes a Sketch representative), I went behind the scenes during the entr'acte and found my way to her dressing-room.

"Now, Miss Jenoure," said I, "what do you think about kissing-on

the stage, of course?"
"Well, Arthur Roberts says that he thinks that kissing near the nice warm footlights is pleasanter than by the garden gate out in the snow. My opinion? Well, I have already had somebody writing to ask my opinion, but have not answered. It seems to me that, until some busybody—I don't refer to you—raised the question, none of us thought anything about it at all. I didn't. It didn't seem to count. It appears

anything about it at all. I didn't. It didn't seem to count. It appears to me that to make a fuss over it would be to make it count."

"Yes; but," I answered, "isn't it sometimes rather——?"

"Rather? Oh, it's not very pleasant, but lots of things connected with the profession are not very pleasant! I'll give you an idea from something that came into my mind this evening. I was once at Montrose, Colorado, with a company, at Christmas-time. We were to have left by train immediately after the show, but, when we got to the station, were told that the train was signalled 'eight hours late'! We went back to our hotel found it closed and they would not let us in. went back to our hotel, found it closed, and they would not let us in. It was bitterly cold, and the snow was deep on the ground; we went back to the station—no waiting-rooms, so we had to camp out on the platform. When the train came in, it was full. However, we persuaded some emigrants to turn out and give up their car, and we slept on the boards. We didn't get to our next 'stand' till half-past eight, and the piece began at nine."

by comparison, kissing is a minor evil; but here, in the

comfortable, warm dressing-room, it's different."

"Oh, I am very comfortable here; but let me tell you that in some of the English country theatres I have been in lately the smells in the dressing-rooms made me ill. I don't wonder people call typhoid fever the 'actors' complaint.' Someone ought to take up the question."

"Won't you tell me something of your career?"
"There's not very much to tell. I wasn't brought up with any idea of working for my living, though now I like the profession well enough to feel like living for my work. I studied singing at the London Academy, and took several medals for harmony, elocution, and singing, and was made an Associate. Some years ago I began concert-singing, and appeared at St. James's Hall, Prince's Hall, &c. However, I didn't like it—the work was too slow. I got introduced by Mr. Gilbert to Mr. Carte, and went to America in 'The Mikado' chorus. Then, still under his management, I got leading parts and went all over the world. After two years and a half I went to the States, and got some splendid engagements in comic opera, farcical comedy, and burlesque. But I grew home-sick, and returned to London. Then came my engagement as Nita in 'The Mountebanks,' and-"'

"And you made a big hit. I remember well how delighted we all re. Some of us could hardly write sanely about such admirable

work."

"I did enjoy the part. It is delightful to play in Mr. Gilbert's pieces. However, my work in 'Incognita' was very pleasant. 'The Magic Opal' was a piece that I liked, because the music of Albeniz was delightful—too fine, indeed, for the class of work. Yes, I took the part of Lady Virginia in 'A Gaiety Girl.'"

"I remember that very well, for it gained immensely by the charm of your singing. Did you like your part in 'Claude Duval'?"

"I thought of declining it, but acted on Miss Lottie Venne's advice, 'Never refuse a part'—perhaps I should add to the maxim, 'because you don't like it.' Yes, one has to keep wide awake when playing with Arthur Roberts, for he is full of unexpected jokes that may throw you out of gear if you are not on the look-out."

"And how do you like Gentleman Joe?"

"Not much. In a musical work I don't want to play the part of a scheming woman of the world. I want to have more dancing and livelier work to do. I wish someone would produce Lecocq's 'Fleur de Thé' in London. I made a great hit in it when I was in the States; and, really, it's a charming piece, far prettier in music and more amusing in book than most of those given of late in London."

"By-the-bye, I have heard people say that you are American; is it

"Not at all; my father was a London solicitor, named Ullathorne, and we've an English bishop in the family. My mother, too, whose maiden name was Jenoure, is quite English. I was sent to Hanover to school, and also to Paris. It is a great advantage, for, as I have had to sing in German and French, the accent acquired on the spot has proved very valuable—I don't say that it deceives the natives."

While we were talking, the call-boy—the tyrant of "behind the scenes"—came in, and called out, "Orchestra beginners, please!" so she hastly rushed out, and I ran round to the front, just in time to share

hastily rushed out, and I ran round to the front, just in time to share the pleasure of the house in hearing her sing delightfully as the

professional chaperon.



MISS AÏDA JENOURE AS MRS. RALLI-CARR IN "GENTLEMAN JOE,"
AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W

THE OPERA SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN.

It is not easy to dream in the Opera House—blazing with diamonds, brilliant with beauty, buzzing with the soft sibilation of Society small-talk—even to the soothing cadences of Mascagni. Yet a night at the Opera is always a time of memories, not only of the past few years of the Renaissance under music-loving Sir Augustus Harris, but of those remoter days when Fops' Alley was filled with men in knee-breeches and with ruffled wrists, in silk stockings and shoes with shining buckles, and when unromantic John Bull had scarcely grown accustomed to



SIGNOR VERDI.

Pho:o by Ferrario, Milan.

the thunder of Othello's jealousy in an adagio maestoso, to Iago's bravura villainy, to Desdemona's encored recitative before her tortured husband "puts out the light." Even to-day, there are those who take their Opera somewhat frivolously; yet, take it for all in all, it remains, perhaps, the most perfect form of art, just as it is still the most fashionable.

the most perfect form of art, just as it is still the most fashionable.

Fashionable, always! Is it not on record, in the immortal Diary of Mr. Cox, that "No lady is a lady without having a box at the Opera"? And is it not a further fact that, in the long-ago days, when our good Queen was still new to regal dignity and regal duties, her Majesty was so fond of going to the Opera, attended by Maids-of-Honour and "white-waistcoated uncomfortables (seemingly) on one leg," as to draw down upon her young head the protests of certain ultra-patriotic playgoers, who made what they called "temperate observations on the Queen's exclusive patronage of Italian opera," and complained, with carefully italicised indignation, that our native vocalists were "degraded" to "give place for foreign artistes." Fashion has always been identified with the Opera, and the floor of the Opera House the favourite rendezvous of—

The twice two thousand for whom earth was made.

It has always been so, whether at Her Majesty's or at Covent Garden, and will be to the end of the chapter.

When sang Alboni, whose voice of gold an honest guardsman, in a well-intentioned if not well-turned compliment, vowed was like "melted butter"; in the days of Malibran the mellifluous; when the famous Four—Grisi and Rubini, Tamburini and Lablache—were witching all London; and later, through a long Milky Way of musical stars, out of which gleam fitfully, at varying and often wide intervals, such names as Pasta, Patti, Pappenheim, Titiens, Trebelli, Tamberlik, Pauline Lucca, Christine Nilsson, Zélie de Lussan, Minnie Hauck, Sembrich, Etelka Gerster, Plançon, De Lucia, Tamagno, Édouard and Jean de Reszke, Giulia and Sofia Ravogli, Emma Eames, Ilma Di Murska, Marie Roze, Scalehi, Valleria, Calvé, Melba, McKenzie, Macintyre, Foli, Faure, Ravelli, Santley, Nicolini, and many others, whose names belong to past, present, and future, for great artists never die—always fashionable, Italian Opera has held a position unique in le monde où l'on s'amuse.

The coup d'wil within the walls of the Opera House is brilliant always, and analysis only intensifies the interest. It is at the Opera

that the men and women of the day gather in fullest force. Royalty forgets its weighty responsibilities in Covent Garden, and Cabinet Ministers throw aside the cares of office and are human—sometimes very human; learned legal luminaries leave outside the magic portals all thoughts of tedious summings-up and florid harangues to impressionable juries; here grave physicians and brilliant surgeons, upon whose words or deeds may hang issues of life or death, gain new strength for nerve and rest for brain; toilers forget their work, and even pleasure-seekers their ennui, as the strains of Verdi or Meyerbeer, Wagner or Gounod, Bizet, Boïto, Bellini, of Mozart or Rossini, Auber or Flotow, Gluck or Bach, of Ambroise Thomas or Goring Thomas, of De Lara or Leoncavallo, of Massenet or Mascagni, steal into the brain, blotting out all that might lessen its delight.

So it will be this season. And, when the curtain has fallen for an intermezzo, a thousand nebulous thoughts will flit through the mind, all set to music, grave or gay. We shall remember, some of us, that the master-spirit, Sir Augustus Harris, lives to-day where once lived Grisi and Mario, and we shall recall the apt retort of the great songstress when the Czar, meeting her with her little girls, greeted her smilingly with, "Ah! Madame, and those are your little grisettes?" "Pardon, Sire," came the answer in a moment; "my little marionettes." And some of us will think of Malibran's ingenuity in recruiting her strength as Isoline in "The Maid of Artois," with a pint of stout, pushed up through the stage under cover of a heap of drifted sand in the Desert Scene, enabling her to get through her magnificent finale, in which she sang through three octaves up to E in alt, with a marvellous shake on D flat.

But all at once the *intermezzo* is over. The curtain goes up, and we are snatched from a world of dead dreams into one of living romance and melody, as Edouard de Reszke strides superbly across the scene, or Giulia Ravogli enchants our ear with a sweetness which excludes all else, even memories. And we recognise that the operatic Renaissance is a very real thing, and that Sir Augustus Harris, who, some eight years ago, told a friend, who lamented that Italian opera was dead, that he would either revive it or give it decent burial, has endued it with such vigorous life that not even in its prime was the Opera—which honest Mr. Cox was given to understand was the Italian for singing—more attractive or more rich in promise of flourishing permanently in its adopted home.

in promise of flourishing permanently in its adopted home.

Of the feast of rich things which Sir Augustus Harris has prepared for lovers of music this season there can be nothing but praise. Not only has he secured for our delectation all the "stars" who have given



MADAME MELBA.

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

us such huge pleasure in the immediate past—the brothers De Reszke, the irresistible sisters Ravogli, Madame Albani, Miss Marguerite Macintyre, Mdlles. Engel and Lejeune, Mr. David Bispham, Signors Tamagno, Pessina, De Lucia, M. Plançon, and other tried favourites—but he is going to give us the star of stars, Adelina Patti. What more could we desire? All that is loveliest in opera, new and old, will be presented to us in its most perfect form: the most exquisite music faultlessly rendered, and the Italian Opera made once again the Queen of all the entertainments of the London season.

THE OPERA SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN.



SIGNORINA SOFIA RAVOGLI. Photo by Falk, New York.



SIGNORINA GIULIA RAVOGLI. Photo by Falk, New York.



MONSIEUR PLANÇON. Photo by Benque, Paris.



SIGNOR FERNANDO DE LUCIA. Photo by Falk, New York.

A SPORTSMAN'S YEAR-BOOK.*

The picture here reproduced from the volume which Mr. Oswald Crawfurd has edited with so much skill is one of the most exciting, but it does not to our mind represent one of the best of sports. It seems to us that the true sportsman should kill nothing that is either not of use to him or that does not destroy other beasts which afford him legitimate sport. Now, the wild swan is neither catable nor destructive. It is a very beautiful bird, not at all common, and not of the slightest use when you have shot it, with great trouble and a good deal of exposure. Some people eat eygnets, but we should be sorry to try; and the only thing you can do with your wild swan is to stuff it and keep it in a corner of your house for years, until moth and rust have corrupted it and rendered it fit only for the dust-heap. Of real sport, however, and that all the year round, this book gives a series of delightful pictures, mixed with just enough technical information on each branch. In whatever month you find your-self by field or stream, by moor or loch, you will find also an appropriate chapter here. Of course, fox-hunting in the shires in January is the most exciting sport in the world, though the grouse in August offer, perhaps,

eye of a Red Indian; he has previously chosen his fly, with the natural science of a Buckland; and then he places the latter before the former with the skill of a surgeon. One good trout brought to basket in this way is worth a basketful of fish otherwise secured. In a warm cupboard there is a tin box lined with flannel (not with cork, for that holds moisture), containing a few dozen of "blue-winged olive," "red-spinner," "ginger quill," and such-like, and some well-dressed lines carefully vaselined before they were stowed away, while alongside the guns hangs a Hardy "Perfection" rod. Within a few hours, all these things, together, Mr. Editor, with your reviewer, will be on their way into Hampshire, and you will, therefore, perhaps excuse me from saying more than that "A Year of Sport and Natural History" is a tip-top book of its kind, and that I have thoroughly enjoyed every page of it, and profited not a little while doing so.

"AFTER FIVE YEARS IN INDIA."

That it is possible to see much and remember little is well proved in the case of most modern globe-trotters; and the man who went twice



equal attractions. The rabbit-shooting in February; the famous Thames trout—if you can catch them—in May; the otter-hunting in June and July; then the classic season of grouse, partridge, and pheasant, each in its own month; salmon-fishing and duck-shooting in November, with some sport left in the Highlands; or a walk along shore with a 10-bore in December, fill the sporting periods of the revolving year. What month is it now? The middle of May. Then one of the finest and most fascinating of all sports is in full swing, and, by the same token, the present writer, as soon as he has laid down his pen from finishing this article, will put his tackle in order for it. That is dry-fly fishing. Mr. Oswald Crawfurd himself contributes an appreciative chapter, all too short, upon this delightful pastime. The wet-fly fisherman looks upon the worm fisherman with contempt, and recalls in his connection the remark about "a stick and a string, with a fool at one end and a worm at the other." The dry-fly fisherman looks upon the wet-fly fisherman with something of the same feeling, and alludes to the practice of his art as the "chuck-it and chance-it style." The skilful "dry-flier" first finds his fish, with the

round this planet, and could only recall a troublesome flea at Bellagio when cross-examined on his experiences, was merely an exaggerated example of the ordinary tourist. Women are more receptive and observant, generally speaking, than mere man; and a brightly served réchauffé of far-afield adventure, such as the authoress gives in her present book, comes more easily from the ready-reckoning of feminine resource, as Mrs. Wilson's "Five Years in India" (Blackie and Son) amply proves. Many memories will be stirred, in those whose lines have fallen for a time in the Far East, by these quaint and pungent sketches of native ways and Western innovation. The Hindu merchant, the Punjab farmer, the over-taxed Deputy-Commissioner, and many other elements of Indian life, are accorded chapters which abound with droll incident, aptly described and accurately recalled. That the authoress has grasped wider questions from her post of observation, as the wife of an important official, is clearly shown by shrewd and comprehensive opinions on the administration of our laws in the East, while a charming spirit of womanly tenderness breaks at times through these reminiscences, which shows that "the brown people" were here at least sympathetically observed—a point that is not always noticeable in memoirs of Anglo-Indians.

[&]quot;"A Year of Sport and Natural History." Edited by Oswald Crawfurd. With Numerous Illustrations. London: Chapman and Hall.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The Montrose Sale of pictures and general works of art was one of the most remarkable sales, surely, of modern times. The total sum realised by the art property alone amounted to £54,200, and in many instances the prices given were obviously only moderate sums. The important group, however, "Lady Smyth and her Children," painted by Reynolds in the year 1787—a picture which we reproduce herewith—fetched the sum of 4800 guineas, although the decay of time has necessitated the entire repainting of the lady's face. Gainsborough's portrait of Madame Le Brun also realised the highly respectable price of 2150 guineas, although the sum at which it was bought in last year amounted to 3100 guineas. Sir Frederic Leighton's thirty-year-old work, "Helen on the Walls of Troy," went for 310 guineas, and two Sidney Coopers fetched nearly the same amount. It is difficult to measure to what extent the popularity of the modern English school may wax

A quantity of choice engravings after Landseer, the more noteworthy of which had been signed by the artist, realised altogether the sum of £1737. "Bolton Abbey" fetched thirtyone guineas, "The Stag at Bay" eighty-six guineas, "The



LADY SMYTH AND HER CHILDREN.—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Monarch of the Glen" sixty guineas, "Odin" fifty-two guineas, and so forth. A magnificent pearl necklace from the same collection, composed of seven rows of 362 pearls, with "diamond pavé tablet snap," fetched no less a sum than £11,500, and a quantity of other splendid jewellery was also disposed of at high prices.

We reproduce in these pages some of the pictures now hanging at the Galleries of Messrs. Dowdeswell, by Francis Wheatley, R.A. And very charming, too, they are. Wheatley excelled in depicting the minor gracefulnesses of life and character, and in this respect his composition is always elegant, quiet, peaceful, and attractive. The beautiful side of human life was always present to him, who chose to forget the grime and squalor, even the rugged strength also, that help to fill the world with the varieties that make its unity. He is a painter for a certain mood, and in just that mood one finds him most satisfyingly adequate.

It is curious to watch the commercial uses to which wood-engraving is being put. A striking example of this is the catalogue which Messrs. R. Taylor and Co. have issued for Messrs. Gardiner, the well-known outfitters. The designs are admirably suited for the purpose intended.



THE MORNING BATH .-- F. A. BRIDGMAN.

EXHIBITED AT THE GALLERY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

It is difficult to find anything new to say, from a general point of view, year by year about the Royal Academy. Some artists fall below, some artists rise above, their average; and the general level remains pretty constant. It is impossible, one supposes, that, in a show which contains some seventeen hundred exhibits, all of which have passed the scrutiny of a competent jury, there should not be a considerable salvage of works of considerable merit; it is equally impossible to suppose that so large a collection should not contain, under the circumstances, a considerable proportion that is, if not quite worthless, at all events insignificant and poor. It is therefore unfair, perhaps, to visit the inevitable depression which an examination of this tremendous acreage entails upon the head of the Academy as a mere institution. Still, it would be futile to deny the fact of that depression. So much labour, so much ambition, so much eagerness, skill, and resolution, in combination with so much that is shallow, unpoetical, foolishly sentimental, affected, or dull—this is, surely, enough excuse for any access of depression that the world contains.

For the moment, however, we may turn from this less hopeful side of the question, and, in a first notice, may deal with that portion of the exhibition which has, at least, to some extent, been considered to justify its existence. In a subsequent article, we may return to the other side of the academic pictures.

GALLERY I.

Whatever else may be said about Mr. T. C. Gotch's "Death, the Bride "(4), it is impossible to deny it a large share of eleverness. The paint is handled deliberately, carefully, boldly; there is here no uncertainty of touch, no perplexing problem, meaning Heaven only knows what! At its worst, its effect is dull, its low tone depressing. Sir J. E. Millais' "St. Stephen" (18) makes one irrelevantly wonder why the martyr is represented with clothes on, when we have authority for knowing that, during the stoning, Saul held his clothes. pretended that the executioners carefully dressed him after leaving him for dead. That, however, is no more than a baffling detail in a picture distinguished by considerable solemnity. Mr. Luke Fildes' "Mrs. Johnson-Ferguson" (No. 22) is an example of all that artist's extreme eleverness in the painting of dress.

GALLERY III.

For the present passing over Gallery II., we find ourselves confronted in the third room with Mr. G. F. Watts's "Jonah" (14), a work which unites, to qualities that border on the burlesque, characteristics of singular power, even ferocity; it is a subject, moreover, which serves Mr. Watts's peculiar pictorial surfaces with an opportunity for peculiarly striking effects. Mr. Sargent's "Coventry Patmore, Esq." (172), is one of the portraits of the year. It would not be easy to conceive more magisterial modelling and vitality, or a more exquisite knowledge of the mere uses of paint. Here, too, hangs the President's "Flaming June" (195), the lady whose rather impossible position was described by a contemporary some weeks ago and quoted with some scorn by us in these columns. We are glad to find that our scorn was justified. The lady's arms are not crossed in her lap. "Speak! Speak!" (251), the picture by Sir John Millais, which has already been bought for the nation, is a highly effective passage of melodrama; and, though we are quite aware that Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Spring" (262) is overcrowded with details, it is impossible not to admire the shining beauty of the marbles, the frank, candid, cool colour, and the loveliness of bits in the general composition.

GALLERY V.

Passing over, again for the present, Gallery IV., we must not omit to mention, in the fifth room, Mr. Henry S. Tuke's "Mrs. George Talbot" (357). It is a portrait full of character, and painted in a highly distinguished manner. Mr. Stanhope Forbes's (372) has all that artist's powerful realism, but one grows a little tired of his persistent exercises in the same key; while to Mr. J. Aumonier's "When the Tide is Out" (399), we must allow, in spite of a certain dulness, the merit of extreme prettings. prettiness.

GALLERY VI.

This room is practically occupied by Professor Herkomer's "The Bürgermeister of Landsberg, Bavaria, with his Town Council. Presented to the Town of Landsberg by the Painter." We refrain, in the presence of so gigantic a work, from offering words of puny criticism, merely remarking that the best way of viewing the picture is to examine it in the distant prospect, as you ascend the central stairs.

GALLERY VII.

In this gallery, abominably hung, is another extremely fine Sargent, "W. Graham Robertson, Esq." (503), wonderful not only for its extremely beautiful elegance, but also for the fineness of its blacks and greys, the refined strength of its modelling, and the flawless perfection of the whole composition. It quite puts out of court the Hon. John Collier's "Lady Hallé" (493), strong and impressive as that portrait would appear in any less distinguished company. Not to put the eighth gallery under a separate heading, we may note that it contains an excellent portrait, "Master Cecil Stanley" (564), by Mr. H. Plant-Hollins, and a poetical landscape, "Midland Meadows" (575), by Mr. Alfred East; more solid, if a little less tender, is Mr. E. A. Waterlow's "The Water-mill" (595).

We must reserve, for another paper, the discursive remarks we had prepared upon the remaining galleries of oils, the water-colours, the black-and-white drawings, and the sculpture.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The world breathes again. The magnanimous people of Nicaragua has consented to promise payment of an indemnity, and the even more magnanimous Republic of Salvador has guaranteed the payment. It is a little like Bardolph backing-Falstaff's bill, for Salvador is, if anything, more insolvent than Nicaragua; but such as the security is, it has been accepted, and Managua is illuminated, and the citizens of Corinto dance a coranto for joy and pride at the happy result. It is not immediately evident to the non-Central American mind why Nicaragua should rejoice; but doubtless Nicaragua has her own standard of self-satisfaction.

It is possible that our friends the Japs may regard with less complacence the apparent surrender that their Government has made to the protests of Russia. For it is obvious that, if matters came to a war, the Japanese army could cat up the Siberian ports, and the Japanese navy probably hold its own, at least, against all the ships Russia could get to the Pacific within a reasonable time. And the attempt to maintain a long war in the Far East would bleed Russia as the siege of Schastopol once did, while the Japanese would be within easy reach of their base. Moreover, the curious alliance of France and Germany with Russia would be bound to dissolve in case of serious difficulty. Certainly not both, and probably neither, would go into battle to win Russia a harbour free from ice.

Still, there is no need to provoke a colossus like Russia, however unwieldy. In 'quickness and intelligence, the little, lively Japs would, perhaps, have the advantage; but the stolid endurance of the Russian soldier is bad to beat. If the forts of Port Arthur had held a few hundreds of the sons of those who once lined the Malakoff and the Redan, the Chinese Sebastopol might still fly the dragon flag. What the Japanese will probably do will be to play the game that Russia has often played on us in Asia, and that we are—unintentionally—playing in Egypt. Japan will give up her conquests on the mainland, and merely hold them as security for some indemnity, which, somehow, will never be paid, or some contingency that will never happen. Then, gradually, the protests of Russia will become milder, being met by constant yielding courtesy; and finally, people at large will come to forget that Port Arthur was ever other than Japanese. It is what France did in Tunis, what she is doing in Siam—the trick of yielding the shadow and keeping the substance. And, when the other side does not intend to fight, it is a policy almost always attended with success.

Meanwhile, of course, French and Russian newspapers abuse our Government for not joining in the very happy family of Germany, France, and Russia. They fail to make out how England would be advantaged by so doing. The mere fact of doing a kindness to rather unfriendly neighbours seems hardly enough-except on very altruistic principles-to repay the trouble and risk. No doubt, if we were to assist Russia and France and Germany in their plans, we might be allowed the privilege of withdrawing from Egypt earlier, or of welcoming a few more French filibusterers on the Niger.

Yes, our vile plots have not escaped the piercing glance of the French colonist. English missionaries, Methodist missionaries, with Salvation lasses, and who knows what else, are actively undermining the Gallie dominion of Algeria. They pretend, these dark and deadly emissaries, to distribute money and clothes, medicines, and Arabic Bibles. But no! their real purpose is to rouse a revolt of the natives against the rulers that they ought to love so well. The banners distributed may bear only the legends of the Salvation Army, the "Blood and Fire" of our "brav" Général "; but they are only the prelude to the Union Jack. We cannot deceive the keen eyes of the Municipalities of Oran and Constantine. They know that "Le Général Boum"—no, Booth—is really the emissary of Sir Kimberley, and that he has been presented (in private) with an umbrella of honour by the Duke of-but I will say no more.

There seems to be something in the French colonies that impairs the intellect of those who go there, or even who are interested in such localities. The Salvation Army has done many things, and has been accused of doing many more; but no one ever charged its organisers with trying to extend British rule or influence. Ask any Anglo-Indian official on that point. As for "Methodist" or other missionaries, they generally object to English government, partly because it often brings in a less creditable side of civilisation, partly because it supersedes their own power. Still, there is one great organisation that devotes itself chiefly to keeping up disaffection among the Arabs of Algeria, and this organisation is—the French Colonial Government.

WORKS BY FRANCIS WHEATLEY, R.A.

Now on view at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries, 160, New Bond Street, W.



GOOD ADVICE.



COURTSHIP.



THE WEDDING.



DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

THE MAY QUEEN AT WHITELANDS COLLEGE, CHELSEA.

Photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street. W.



ROUND THE MAY-POLE.



THE QUEEN ENTHRONED.

THE MAY QUEEN AT WHITELANDS COLLEGE, CHELSEA.

Photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.



THE QUEEN, MISS ANNIE BAWDEN.

THE TERCENTENARY OF TASSO.

No man ever felt the power of poetry if he refused his homage to Dante, Perarch, Ariosto, and Tasso.

Just three centuries ago, on April 25, 1595, at the Convent of St. Onofrio at Rome, Torquato Tasso, Italy's most gifted poet, passed away. Petted by the populace and pensioned by the Pope, he had at

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TASSO.

his command almost everything a man might wish for; but, cursed with a highly sensitive nature, always imagining some wrong or injustice, Tasso was never a happy man, and he at last overstepped the boundary between sanity and madness.

Born at Sorrento in 1544, his genius was early apparent. At eight years of age he was noted for his great intellect and his religious fervour. His father, being a courtier and a poet, was able to well introduce him to both Court and literary circles, and he early became the companion of the Duke of Urbino. Tasso senior, being dissatisfied with his own career, determined that his son should not follow in his footsteps, so he sent him to Padua to study law; but poetry was second nature to young Tasso, and he soon abandoned the law, and in

1562 his first poem, "Rinaldo," was published. Three years later he entered the service of Cardinal Luigi d'Este at Ferrara, a place fated to be the scene of so many of his triumphs, and also of his greatest suffering.





Whatever wrongs he may have experienced there, he could never leave it for long; wherever he wandered he was always drawn back again. Whether it was because the city was the home of the beautiful Princess Leonora

d'Este (with whom he was supposed to be deeply in love), or whether he had some other attraction, will now never be known; but certain it is that he could not rest elsewhere, and that he returned, even when to do so was almost certain to be fatal to him.

In 1570 he went to Paris with the Cardinal, but returned to Ferrara after quarrelling with his patron, and five years later we find him still at the same place, almost mad with worry caused by overwork and the varied dissipations of Court life. According to Byron, in his beautiful "Lament of Tasso," the cause of all his sufferings and his incarceration was his unfortunate love for Leonora d'Este.

... they called me mad—and why, Oh Leonora! wilt not thou reply? I was indeed delirious in my heart To lift my love so lofty as thou art.

In 1577 he tried to stab a servant in the presence of Lucrezia, Duchess of Urbino. He was arrested, but released by the Duke, who took him to his country seat, where something occurred that caused Tasso to hurrically return and seek refuge



AMORE DRESSED AS A SHEPHERD.

Tasso to hurriedly return and seek refuge in a convent, where he existed in hourly dread of being murdered by order of the Duke. He escaped to the house of his sister at Sorrento, but could not long remain away from his beloved Ferrara, and so,

notwithstanding his previous fears, he wrote to the Duke asking for permission to return. This was granted, and he came back, only to live over again the same life of suspicion and unrest. He once more took flight, and travelled over the greater part of Italy, always being well received, for the fame of his genius had spread through the land; but, still hankering after Ferrara, he returned in 1579. We shortly after



NUNTIO, SILVIA, AND DAFNE:

SATIRO.

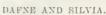
find him insulting his friend and patron, and generally behaving as a man bereft of his senses, and at last he was sent to the madhouse of St. Anna and lingered there for seven long years.

While thou, Ferrara! when no longer dwell The ducal chiefs within thee, shalt full down, And crumbling piecemeal, view thy hearthless halls; A poet's wreath shall be thine only crown—A poet's dungeon thy most far renown.

Tasso was released in 1587 and went to Rome, but no peace was here allowed to his restless spirit, and in the following years we find him meandering all over Italy, till, late in 1594, Pope Clement VIII. befriended him and bestowed a pension on him, and induced him to settle in Rome, where, early in the spring of the following year, his weary, wandering, wayward spirit found rest at last.

Tasso's most important work was, undoubtedly, the "Aminta," which was set to music. A rustic fable, slight of structure, but of great lyrical charm, this pastoral drama, partaking both of tragedy and comedy, constituted a third kind of play, perfect in dramatic poetry. It appeared, too, at an opportune moment, when modern music was striving to rise and to take the lead of the arts in Italy. The beautiful







ELPINO AND CHORUS.

melodies, the lyrical graces, and the voluptuous melancholy of "Aminta" took all Italy by storm, and its influence in opera and cantata was largely felt for unwards of two centuries.

largely felt for upwards of two centuries.

The illustrations are scenes from the "Aminta," copied from an edition published in Rome by Filippo de' Rossi, in March, 1662, the engravings apparently being the work of C. Goyrand.—R. Y. MURPHY.

Collectors of funny advertisements should take note of the following, which recently appeared in an Indiana newspaper. It deserves to be ranked with the placard in the window of a small shop just out of the Edgware Road, which amounced that So-and-so is a "purveyor of cats'-meat," or with that other setting forth the advantages of "The Domestic Animals' Restaurant." Here it is: "Elijah Powell, tonsorial artist, facial operator, physiognomical hairdresser (!), cranium manipulator, and capillary abridger, shayes and cuts hair with ambidexterous facility."

LESSONS FROM THE JAPAN-CHINA WAR.

The naval battle fought between the Japanese and Chinese squadrons in the Yellow Sea, between the islands of Talu and Haiyang, on Sept. 17; 1894, will be memorable in the annals of naval warfare. It was the first engagement of the kind since modern warships were constructed. Its

1894, will be memorable in the annals of naval warfare. It was the first engagement of the kind since modern warships were constructed. Its results have been studied with the keenest interest by naval experts and the world at large, as it gave some idea of a sea-fight with the great men-of-war, ordnance, and armaments which the Powers of Europe and America are vying with one another to perfect, on hitherto purely theoretical grounds, or on trials and experiments under certain trials and experiments under certain pre-arranged and fixed conditions. They had never been tested by actual warfare. The course of the naval fight off Haiyang offered a unique opportunity of testing the theories upon which the construction of the navies of the Powers have latterly been proceeding. To Japan herself, the fight was a perfect revelation, in respect not so much of the matériel as of the personnel of her navy. Three or four years ago, the Japanese naval service was the object of acrimonious attacks from certain sections of Japanese Parliament and Press. The warships were declared to be defective, and the naval officers to have been selected and promoted on the strength of their clan and family connections and not of their actual merit or capacity. When the merit or capacity. When the Japanese accused their naval officers of incapacity, they never doubted their valour or intrepidity. The very

their valour or intrepidity. The very fact that the ex-retainers of the Satsuma clan were all-powerful in the navy implied that, from the warlike reputation of that clan, brave officers were not wanting in the naval service. But what the Japanese feared was that these men would be reckless in displaying their valour, and, from want of scientific knowledge and technical skill, would endanger the ships under their command. But such apprehensions proved groundless. The Japanese army has been deservedly lauded for the perfection of its

organisation, the celerity of its mobilisation, and the precision of its movements. The battles of Ping-yang and Hoosham showed the strategic skill of its general staff. These encomiums proved to Japan that, in addition to her native valour, she has gained a complete mastery of European military science. The army, however, had always been regarded as highly efficient. It was with the navy that the case was so different. The Japanese have never been great sailors, and it



JAPANESE SAILORS FIRING MACHINE-GUN.

was considered quite possible that the Japanese officers might, by their defective navigation and unskilful manœuvres, run their warships into danger. But the battle of Haiyang has dispelled those fears. Their scientific precision and unity of movement have extorted unwilling praise from even the Chinese, and have proved that Japan can rely on her



THE NAVAL BATTLE OF HAIYANG, FOUGHT SEPT. 17, 1804.
PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE SAIKYO-MARU.

navy as implicitly as she has relied on her army. This assurance has come as a revelation to the nation. The dash and "go" of the Japanese have always been admitted; but precision and thoroughness, as integral traits of the Japanese character, are the new discoveries made in the recent war. The naval battle was not without incidents revealing the innate intrepidity, not to say recklessness, of the Japanese. The Saikyo, a merchantman which, until a few months before the war, had carried

leisure to take photographs of the battle, one of which we reproduce. The calmness with which the officers and men of the Akagi stepped into the vacancies caused by the enemy's fire deserves the highest praise. Early in the fight, the Akagi, being of low speed, was left behind by the flagship, and she found herself alone when the Lai-Yuen and the rest of the Chinese left wing came upon her. Her starboard guns were splendidly worked, but the Akagi's officers were shot down, one after another. Just as Lieutenant Sato took the

place of the dead commander, a shell, which struck the lower deck, killed four firemen, wounded a fifth, and destroyed a steam-pipe in such a manner as to completely cut off the supply of shells at the forecastle. Firing all the time from the stern to arrest pursuit, and with her mainmast shattered by the shells, the Akagi managed to sheer off while her crew mended the steam-pipe. We give an ilustration from a photograph of several shot-holes abreast of the mainmast on the starboard side of the Akagi. At first the Chinese claimed to have sunk the Akagi, but, in spite of her injuries, she managed to get to Nagasaki, and was present with the other Japanese men-of-war when Talienwan was taken by the Japanese army on Nov. 7, her injuries having been put straight meanwhile. The Saikyo alone has been left un-repaired, and it is said that she will te preserved in her damaged condition as a memento of the great naval engagement in which she behaved so gallantly. In view of the discussion which is going on in England about cordite, the episode of the duel between the Yoshino and the King-Yuen is interesting. The Yoshino's quick-firing guns at the bow told with deadly effect upon the Chinese vessel. The King-Yuen listed on the starboard and two fires suddenly broke out at the stern and amidships. The rudder becoming useless, the vessel

THE AKAGI AFTER THE BATTLE OF HAIYANG, SHOWING THE DAMAGES ON THE STARBOARD QUARTER-DECK.

peaceful passengers between the ports of Japan, was an instance in point. To think of such a frail steamer defying the armoured warships of China takes one's breath away. Yet nothing but admiration is due to the skill with which she parried the torpedoes sent against her. 'The Saikyo, as she was leaving the scene of battle in a damaged condition, had yet

stern dipped deep in water, and, after an explosion—probably the bursting of her boilers—amid a thick volume of black smoke, the King-Yuen disappeared altogether. This was a unique case of a battleship being sunk by a cruiser, and, according to a local commentator, it was, no doubt, due to the efficiency of the Yoshino's new quick-firing guns, "and of the cordite she had used."

described swift, aimless curves; the

THE AMBULANCE CORPS CARRYING AWAY THE DEAD BODIES FROM TOOCHINGTSE,

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



MADAME ET BÉBÉ,



[&]quot;What's the matter, Major?"
"The matter, Miss Tomson?"
"Well, why are you so sober?"
"G—g—gracious, Miss Tomson! you wouldn't like me to be always intoxicated, would you?"



"ANOTHER LORD HAS CHOSEN A WIFE FROM THE STAGE."- Vide Press.

^{&#}x27;Arriet: "My! ain't she nice?"
'Lizer: "Yes, and they s'y she's an earl's daughter who 'as tyken to the boards to see if she can't catch a lord or a dook."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

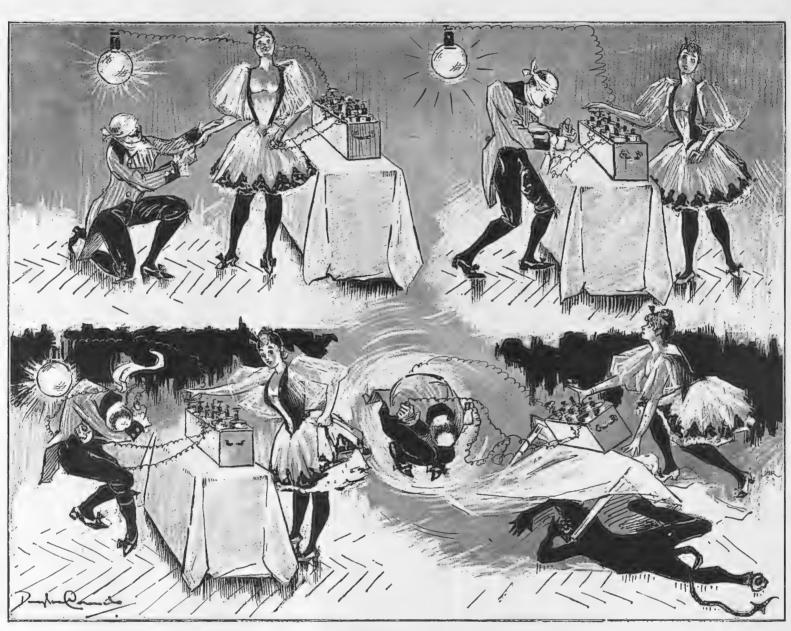
We are threatened with an epidemic of dialogue stories. The signs of it are in the air generally, and in *Chapman's Magazine* in particular. It is an attractive form, but dangerous; it hides its difficulties save from the sharp-sighted. That nine-tenths of the coming ones will be hopelessly bad may be safely prophesied. The wrong subjects will be chosen; the wrong persons will adopt the form; there will be terrible blundering compromises between plays and stories, ending in things that are neither one nor the other, nor anything else of any use at all. Mr. Anthony Hope, among English writers, has learnt the art perfectly. His "Bad Matches," in the first number of the new magazine, does what it means to do easily, lightly, wittily, with distinction and truth to life. His instincts may be trusted to keep him from using scenes and stuff that want an entirely different mode of development. Miss Violet Hunt has learnt it too. She has chosen situations and personages that answer promptly to the

consequence, or in spite of, his virtuous change, he is extremely dull. It is hard, indeed, to be stirred to pity of the most romantic and the most tragic love when the story is told in verse of this quality—

On earth, may men for honour's trivial name Prevent and part us, lest we gather shame; But after death, though even God forgive, Together will we ever love and live.

Simplicity does not become Mr. Wratislaw. Let him fashion himself, once more, fantastic garments.

Quite otherwise can one speak of Mr. Newbolt's "Mordred" (Unwin); and it is pleasing to be able to say a genial word of any metrical drama of the day, and to recommend it as free from the deadly dulness of its kind. His tragedy rouses a strange feeling while we read it. The voice, over and over again, echoes Tennyson; and yet Mr. Newbolt has dared to undermine the opinions of the stainless king which Tennyson was so careful to impress on us. At least, he has found



THE FAIR CHRONOGRAPHER.

method, and neither in her late successful book nor in "A Hard Woman," the serial begun in *Chapman's*, is there any sign of her going wrong.

But the magazine contains one bad blunder and warning in this form, and by a no less elever writer than Mr. Stanley Weyman. His "For the Cause" would have made an excellent short narrative—possibly, it would still make a readable and actable play. As a dialogue story, it is quite the dullest thing he has ever written. The obligations of the particular form he has chosen are completely cluded. To make the dialogue express both the actions and the characters is difficult, needing extreme subtlety, so that the personages may fulfil their double purpose, and yet may not seem to be used for either. But here the dialogue clumsily and heavily undertakes the explanatory and narrative parts—or, when it does not, you are left in the dark as to the meaning. Let the novice beware, since the experienced may go so far wrong.

Mr. Theodore Wratislaw's "Pity of Love" (Sonnenschein) excited some interest in me, because I had seen a book of lyries by him which were at least not commonplace. They were all very modern, and some of them rather silly; but there was strong effort in them after fine expression. In his rhymed tragedy on the unhappy love between Philip von Königsmarck and Sophia, Princess of Hanover, he is very much more sane; he has forsworn his extreme modernities, and, either in

a reason for the downfall of the Order in an early sin of Arthur's. It is a dramatic conception of the story, and not too jarring if one knows "Morte d'Arthur" as well as the "Idylls of the King." Then, if the verse never reaches the height of great poetry, it keeps a dignified level, and sometimes one is tempted to read a passage over again because its sound is pleasing—

Time hath been

When ye have known this kingdom's life to flow
Tranquil and pure, with no more sound of storm
Than a broad river on a windless noon;
But now 'tis changed, its swollen course is fed
By dark and roaring torrents; build we not
Our dykes the stronger, night may hear us yet
Swept down to ruin on a world in flood.

These are lines of one who has an ear for the music of unrhymed verse.

The first volume of the uniform edition of Mr. Hardy's works has been issued by Messrs. Osgood and McIlvaine. "Tess" leads the way. Mr. Hardy has retained the two former very interesting prefaces, and added a brief new one, in which he confirms the conjectures that have been made with regard to the topography of the Wessex novels. He gives an excellent map, too. The edition promises to be a worthy one in respect of type and binding, besides having the value and interest of the author's revisions.

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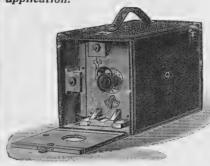
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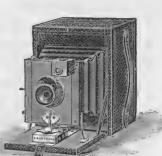
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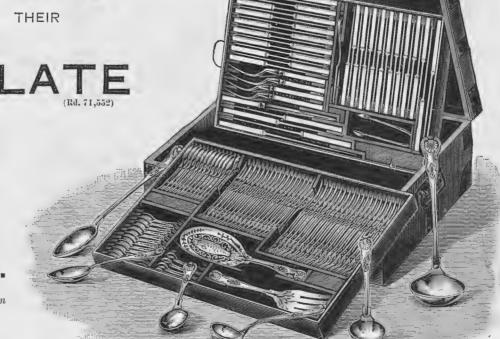
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Lads and Lassies at School.

When I was a lad at school. How long ago is that? Men whose beards are getting full of the sort of frost that does not thaw in the spring may love to gossip about the past, but they do not love to think of it when alone. Oh, the infinite pathos, penitence, and heartbreak of that appealing line in Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light"—"Remember not past years"! Like spilled water, memory spreads unpleasantly when let go.

What I want to recall now is whether my school-days were my happiest, healthiest days. The facts show clear through the mists, and the answer is, No. The writer came of a sound stock, and was well cared for, yet his greatest pains and most frequent and dangerous illnesses were when he was a lad at school. I do not affirm this to be the rule with boys, but it was so, without especial reason, with me.

And here is another man who says: "All my life, even as a lad at school, I suffered from illness. I had dizziness, violent headaches, nausea, and saw spots floating before my eyes. Sometimes I vomited a greenish-yellow fatty matter, and again was qualmish and sick without vomiting. While in my teens and up to manhood I had bilious attacks every week, more or less severe. At times I felt fairly well, and then

would be taken with cold shivers, and obliged to go to bed. During each attack my appetite left me, and I could touch no food whatever. Often would I come home from my work and sit down to my dinner without taking a monthful

"As time went on, although I was muscularly stronger, I felt a great strain on my nervous system, oppression and soreness in the head, and pain and heat behind the eyes. I felt tired and low-spirited, and got but little rest at night."

The writer's next sentence should stand by itself, like a monument.

"In this way I continued better and worse for over thirty-four years, and what I suffered none can imagine."

Let the reader try to round up that statement in his mind and see how large a fact it is, and what a lesson it teaches.

The witness proceeds: "I underwent every sort of medical treatment and took every medicine that I heard of, but they all left me in a short time as bad as ever.

"In May 1890, a cousin of mine, Joseph Pyke, of York, West Australia, paid us a visit, and mentioned what Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup had done for him when similarly afflicted in Australia. For a time I refused to try it, but being at my wits' end, I got a bottle from Mr. Frank May's store in Friar Street, and

began using it. The contents of that single bottle relieved me, and I kept on with the medicine in faith and hope.

"Soon all my ailments vanished, and from that time to this I have been in good health, for which my thanks are due to Mother Seigel. Her remedy it is that has built me up, and made me stronger and more energetic than I have been for many, many years. Had I known of it carlier, how much misery I might have avoided! I have worked for Messrs. Huntley and Palmer, Biscuit Manufacturers, Reading, for thirty-nine years, and am still in their employ. Yours truly (Signed), Charles Pyke, 16, York Place, Chatham Street, Reading, Oct. 25, 1892."

What now are we to conclude from Mr. Pyke's experience? You see, of course, the meaning of it: that disease does its most damaging work among the young. The great majority of the human race die in childhood. The fittest-that is, the strongest-survive, just as Darwin says. We fellows with the frosty beards were able to fight through, and beat the diseases, the drugs, and the doctors. The weaklings fell and were buried. Next, parents don't watch the ills of their children with half an eye. Age and maturity are blind and selfish. It is the chicks that need care and protection. If our friend at Reading had met with Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup in boyhood-but alas! it was not in existence then. It is to be had now, however, and if there are many pained and suffering children, who is to blame? Answer us that.

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HOME FROM AMERICA.

MR. AND MRS. BEERBOHM TREE.

We were sitting at dinner in their pretty little house in Sloane Street (writes a Sketch representative), and the talk was, naturally, of their recent American visit and their home-coming.

"What a sweet audience it was that welcomed us back! Frankly, I did not expect such a demonstration, and it quite overcame me," said

Mrs. Tree.

"There is nothing like a London audience for cordiality to its favourites," I suggested, by way of justification.

"Of course, the Americans are delightful, and we had a lovely time



MR. AND MRS. TREE IN "THE BALLAD-MONGER." Photo by Sarony, New York.

This from Mrs. Tree. "I felt this particularly the other night, when they received us so well; for I was awfully nervous, following Mrs. Patrick Campbell in a part that she had succeeded in and I had never played before. Herbert had not given me the part till the Saturday, and I only had three rehearsals. People have an idea that I played Kate Cloud in America.

Here Mr. Tree interposed: "I thought it better not to do 'John-a-Dreams' over there at all, not wishing to provoke any possible controversy, such as that which impotently raged in the *Times* a few months ago. such as that which impotently raged in the *Times* a few months ago. However, when Frohmann produced the play in New York, it was an immediate success, and nobody objected to the story on moral grounds."

"But, Mrs. Tree," I said, "we read of your being a great success with the American audiences."

"Well, I was a surprise to them, for they had, apparently, heard nothing of me as an actress; and in 'A Bunch of Violets,' especially, they seemed to like me."

seemed to like me.

"And what do you consider was your greatest success over there,

Mr. Tree?"
"Hamlet, undoubtedly. I had been told that the traditions of the melancholy Dane were so Edwin Booth in the character of the melancholy Dane were so impregnable that no other Hamlet would ever be received in America; so I timorously postponed appearing in that part till I had first been seen in 'The Red Lamp,' 'The Ballad-Monger, 'A Bunch of Violets,' 'Captain Swift,' &c.; but I was wrong. I wish now that I had opened my American engagement in 'Hamlet.' Wherever I played it, my representation met with splendid appreciation. In Boston they were astonishingly enthusiastic; indeed, I believe it went further towards making an artistic reputation for me in America than anything else."
"And what about Ibsen's 'An Enemy of the People'?" I asked.

"We only played it in New York and Chicago; but in both places it was a great success—especially in Chicago, where there is at present a very strong feeling against the existing municipal corruption. account the play appealed with the force of home truths to a very sympathetic audience, and—don't tell William Archer!—to one line of Dr. Stockmann's I ventured to give a local application which brought down the house."

"This was in Chicago. Where else did you play?"
"New York, Boston, Washington—only three nights there—Philadelphia-a charming city-and Baltimore.

"And did you find your London reputation help you everywhere?"

"No," was the emphatic reply; "you have to make your way for yourself with the American public, just as a popular London actor has to do with an English provincial audience before which he appears for the first time. Even in New York, where there was sufficient curiosity about us to necessitate an auction for the sale of seats for our opening night, the proportion of people who knew anything of us in London was comparatively small; yet, when one looks at oneself in a glass every day, one is apt to think that one is known to the world. The Americans are great playgoers, and they are very well disposed towards English actors, but they are absolutely independent of foreign prestige in forming their judgments and bestowing their favour. We were fortunate in pleasing them, and our tour was so successful that we are to pay a return visit in the autumn of '96, when we shall have to undertake what they call the 'one-night stands,' which involve travelling day by day, so as to act in a different place every night."

"Now, Mr. Tree, will you give me some of your ideas and impressions of America and its people?"

"My dear fellow, American life is so vast and so complex and so rapid that one has only time during a professional visit to take as it were

that one has only time, during a professional visit, to take, as it were, snap-shot views with one's mental Kodak. An interviewer came to me for my impressions after I had been in the country a month, but I said, 'You come too late. You should have come to me a fortnight ago, then I should have had "views" to impart."

"But," I urged, "you had experiences, adventures?"

"You heard of our being snowed up for countless hours on our return journey from Washington to New York, so that we were not in time to give our performance?" said Mrs. Tree; "and of the fire at the Vendôme Hotel, in New York, where some of the company were staying?"

"By the way," said Mr. Tree, "I had a curious experience of the New York police in connection with that fire. Henry Neville missed some valuables from his room, and after the fire I went to see the famous detective officer, Inspector Byrne, on the subject, and he undertook to investigate the matter. The next day, all the articles, packed up and addressed to Neville, were found in his room, without any explanation. The Pressmen of New York were very much exercised over my visit to the Police Department, but I did not satisfy their curiosity.'

"Apropos of Pressmen, how did you find the attitude of the critics?"
"On the whole, fair and friendly," said Mr. Tree; "with one notable hostile exception."

"Then you did not experience any of that prejudice against English actors of which we occasionally hear?"

"On the contrary, everywhere we were charmingly received—in the theatres, in the clubs, and in society."

"And how did you find society in New York?"
"Well," said Mrs. Tree, "there are many 'sets,' just as there are in London. Speaking generally, the smart society is very similar to smart society in England; indeed, they seem to base their social ideals on our aristocracy, with whom, of course, so many of the New York 'Four Hundred' are connected by marriage. We are more than brothers nowadays-we are brothers-in-law.

"And you were not oppressed by the domination of dollars?"

"Not at all," said Mr. Tree, "but rather by the domination of the speech. In America it is speeches, speeches, everywhere, and not an instant to think. Of course, one hears many clever and charming speeches; but, alas! one is also not free from having to speak oneself. At the delightful Clover Club in Philadelphia I found everything pervaded by the spirit of fun and chaff, which I enjoyed; while at the Charlette Night Club I found myself the only man in a most charming Twelfth Night Club I found myself the only man in a most charming assembly of clever women, to whom I confidentially imparted my idea of heaven as a place from which all men should be excluded—I mean all other men—a kind of platonic harem, in fact."

"You took the invitation to lecture to the students of Harvard as a

great compliment, I suppose?"

"Yes, indeed; but the lecture I gave them was only partly composed of my discourse on 'The Imaginative Faculty.' It was chiefly new matter, which I specially wrote for the occasion.

"Did you see much of American plays and players?"

"We saw one remarkably good play, called 'In Missouri,' in which Nat Goodwin, who acted in it, would probably make a success over here. Jefferson was playing 'Rip Van Winkle' while we were in Boston. He is one of the 'old brigade' of leading actors in America, but I believe some excellent young actors are coming on."

"And how about 'Trilby'?"

"That is an extraordinary success in America, and I believe it will be so here. I have great hopes of it in the autumn. Meanwhile we are working hard at the rehearsals of 'Fédora,' with Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Fédora, and Mrs. Bancroft in her original part. What a fine play it is! and Loris Ipanoff is an interesting part!"

"And your next rôle, Mrs. Tree—when you and Kate Cloud part company?"

"Ask my manager there. We have promised ourselves that one of these days we shall make a tour round the world; but I suppose that is in the middle-distance. Life is very disappointing; nothing ever comes off—except buttons."

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

The only debate last week of any interest was that on the Bill to repeal the Crimes Act, on the afternoon of that reception-day at the National Liberal Club at which Lord Rosebery broke down in the middle of his speech. But so feebly did the English Home Rulers respond to the proposal of their Irish allies, that, in spite of a full attendance of Nationalists, the majority fell to thirteen; it was given as fourteen, but Sir Frederick Milner's vote against the Bill was accidentally omitted. About seventeen Radicals were absent unpaired, a course of action which must have been highly gratifying to the Irish Party!

A STARTLING OCCURRENCE.

The debate was further made memorable by the fact that Mr. Jeremiah O'Donovan, alias O'Donovan Rossa, tried to make a personal explanation from the Gallery. His intervention came just at the close of Mr. John Morley's speech—a particularly feeble one, by the way—and quite spoilt any effect which might have been made by it. The interrupter was, of course, promply expelled, and he will not be allowed again in the House; but it was an odd coincidence that the ex-Fenian should make himself heard again just when the Government was proposing to divest itself of the special powers devised for dealing with Fenianism.

SIR EDWARD CLARKE AND MR. BALFOUR.

The different ways in which Sir Edward Clarke and Mr. Balfour treated the question whether the death of Home Rule would result in a new period of outrage in Ireland are worth noticing. took the opportunity to taunt Mr. Balfour with believing that Home Rule were defeated, all the old problems and difficulties would remain. But Mr. Balfour was quite ready for him. Not so, he answered; there is a danger of it, but by no means a certainty, and it is by no means an admissible argument for introducing a system which would entail other equally or even more certain evils. Besides, it is possible that honourable gentlemen may not find their ancient dupes so ready to follow them. "I think it quite possible," declared the Leader of the Opposition, "that the old game is played out." But, as nobody can be sure, it is better to keep the old safeguards. A cautious line altogether, this of Mr. Balfour's. Sir Edward Clarke was more inclined for the offensive. He quoted from recent speeches of Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien, in which they threatened to revive "the old weapons and the old methods of 1880 and 1881," and he warned the House of its responsibility in disregarding such plain intimations. The two modes of argument were singularly characteristic of the two speakers—Sir Edward Clarke, always in a fighting mood, ready to carry war into the enemy's country; and Mr. Balfour always on the look-out for ways of gently showing that the other side are without the power to As a matter of fact, it is too much to think that Ireland to-day is in anything like an analogous position to Ireland of 1880. Firm government and good government have done something, though not The farmers who have profited by the Purchase Acts, and the congested districts which have been relieved by various beneficial measures, are no longer mere pawns in the Nationalist game, there may be trouble in Ireland is possible, but not the old trouble.

THE FACTORIES BILL.

Meanwhile, the House has been doing some real work in the Standing Committee on Trade upstairs, where the Factories Bill is under consideration. Here the members have their desks, and pen, ink, and paper, and sit up to their work, instead of lounging on the benches of the House, and altogether behave in a more businesslike manner. A critical day was passed on Thursday, when Mr. Matthews proposed to omit the cottage industries, and all places where workers lived as well as worked, from the scope of the Bill. Mr. Matthews is not followed, however, in his dislike of the new provisions by the more constructive politicians among the Conservatives, and the amendment was rejected. It gave rise, however, to an interesting "ruction" between Mr. John Burns and Mr. Sexton. Mr. Sexton agreed with Mr. Matthews as far as the Irish cottage industries were concerned, and spoke of the Irish cottages as "theoretically very insanitary, but, as results showed, really healthy." Rather a neat manner of explaining away the presence of the "gintleman that pays the rint." But Mr. Burns took this plea for the Irish pig an grand sérieux. He was up in arms at once. "Was it the argument of the Irish members that the antiquity of dirt was a national institution which ought not to be invaded?" Mr. Sexton was no less angry, and retorted that Mr. Burns wanted to deprive honest Irish peasants of their livelihood because there were sweating dens in Whitechapel, and threatened to move for the entire exclusion of Ireland from the Bill if this attitude were adopted. A pretty result that would be, truly! The Local Veto Bill is to be thrust upon England by Irish votes, though Ireland is excluded; and here is a suggestion to do the same with the Factories Bill! Well, it is one way of getting a majority.

DR. TANNER.

The new Speaker has already had to "sit upon" Dr. Tanner. The irrepressible Doctor thought he would have a smack at the Duke of Cambridge, so he inquired whether it was true that the Commander-in-Chief was going to "make way for a better man," and if he had not already "been drawing his money too long." Mr. Gully promptly ruled Dr. Tanner out of order; but what would they do with him in an Irish Parliament?

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "RASH RADICAL."

The interest of the House of Commons has, save for the O'Donovan Rossa incident, been largely eclipsed by the fight in the Grand Committee on Trade over the Factory Bill. I shall be very curious to see how the Tories range themselves over this remarkable matter. The Tories have their good genius and their evil genius, and, just for the present, the latter is much more in evidence than the former. The good genius is the Gorst section of Toryism, which, though it is a little uncertain, and even tricky, in its expression, makes, on the whole, for good. The evil genius is Mr. Matthews, who always seems to me a mere husk of a man, without any genuine core of interest, sympathy, imagination, or pertinent knowledge. Mr. Matthews, who was unquestionably the worst Home Secretary of his generation, is always in great form over Factory Bills. He is a thin, dry individualist, with the lawyer's supersubtle ingenuity added on. His attitude in Committee has been to resist nearly all the good features of the Bill—the restriction of overtime, the inclusion of laundries, the raising of the age of the young worker, the cutting down of night-work, and the anti-sweating clauses. I cannot say that Mr. Matthews is an impressive speaker. His expressions and his attitudes always remind me of an epithet in Lewis Carroll's famous "Lay of the Jabberwock"—"mimsy." It has the manner of earnestness without the matter; it is full of fantastic gesture and curious inflections of voice, and I think it is the most absolutely unconvincing form of speech that ever proceeded from the mouth of man. Privately, I believe Mr. Matthews is a very good fellow; and he carries with him the reputation of being a very great lawyer. But as a politician he is, and always has been, impossible. On the other hand, Mr Asquith is doing his work in his usual clear-cut, steady, able, and straightforward way. Really, with all the stories one hears of petty squabbles inside the Government, of Sir William Harcourt in a pet, of Lord Rosebery giving up everything, and of this Minister and that shrugging his shoulders at the prospect of a General Election, the only man for whom one can feel any admiration is the Home Secretary. Mr. Asquith does his work, and does it simply, manfully, and well.

A FENIAN INVASION.

The O'Donovan Rossa incident was not a very striking affair. Mr. O'Donovan Rossa, or whatever his name may be, got his advertisement, and the House its moment's amusement, out of the strange interruption caused by a letter in which Mr. Labouchere described the Fenian leader as being in the pay of the English Government. The gentleman from America was swiftly and quietly escorted from the House and out into the street by Inspector Horsley and his men, who had strict injunctions never to admit him again. However, the scene gave a little colour to a very dull week, and so, I suppose, should be remembered with grateful hearts.

LORD ROSEBERY'S ILLNESS.

The other political incident of the week has been extra-Parliamentary, and that has been Lord Rosebery's sudden break-down during the reception at the National Liberal Club. The Premier certainly looked very white and worn, and the pause in his speech was an extremely awkward one. He completely lost the thread of his discourse, and could not regain it by asking his friends on the platform what he said last. Ite stood for about a minute, his hands nervously fingering the rail in front of him and his lips repeating the phrase, "We are threatened," with which he began his unfinished sentence. Then, standing to his guns with great pluck, he recovered himself, and wound up his speech with a strong and nervous flight of denunciatory eloquence. temporary loss of memory is not, I believe, at all unusual in cases of nervous prostration, and the Prime Minister's condition is said not to be serious. Still the incident has given rise to a good deal of uneasy speculation as to the future. A sick Premier, who has of late taken little part in the conduct of public affairs, is not exactly the commander to lead a great army into action. Lord Rosebery may, and one hopes will, recover his vigour; but, if he does not, his party may have to save itself from going to pieces. His chief difficulty is still sleeplessness. He is now getting one or two nights a week of good rest, but it must be remembered that his normal allowance of sleep is a small one. The other difficulty is Sir William Harcourt's virtual refusal to run in harness with the Prime Minister, and the fact that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and not Lord Rosebery, is the real dominating force in the Government. A Prime Minister who reigns and does not govern is sometimes useful; but in the critical times we are now approaching it is difficult to see how he can well retain his position.

In bringing Émil Sauer over to England, Mr. Ernest Cavour did a wise and profitable thing; but it does not seem probable that Herr Alfred Oberländer and Herr Alfred Krasselt, who gave a concert at the Prince's Hall on Wednesday, will add much to the enterprising agent's reputation for perspicacity. Herr Krasselt is an accomplished violinist of a familiar type, and, in the first movement of Paganini's Concerto in D, with Besekirsky's marvellous cadenza, he showed great technical power; but that is all. Herr Oberländer has a robust, essentially German, tenor voice, which would, doubtless, be heard to better advantage upon the stage than in the concert-room. Mr. Jules Holländer was the accompanist.

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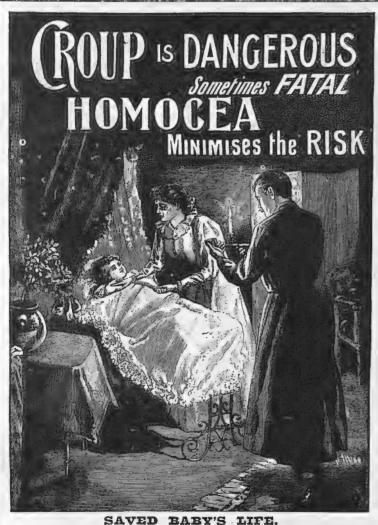
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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

Soft winds gently blowing from the south, blue skies smiling down upon green turf mellowing to yellow, a strong sun, a clear light, a hard, true wicket—these things have conduced, during the past fortnight, to make this wicked world a cricketers' paradise. And the bat and wicket—sounds like bad and wicked!—fellows have made the most of it. It looks as if we were in for a "good time"; and, after last cricket-

season's wretched weather, we can do with a dry summer.

Yes, cricketers are fairly in it! The ball has been set rolling at Lord's, and the Oval has opened to the sound of the County Champion-These have never been begun so early before; but the ship contests. present programme is the largest on record, and, as there are but four

short months to get through, it needs must when the devil drives.

First of all, I should like to congratulate Essex on their splendid display against Warwickshire at Birmingham. It may be remembered that at one time there appeared a likelihood of Essex being left outside the championship contests, in the cold, owing to the fact that they could not get on the necessary eight out and home first-class matches necessary to qualify. However, Middlesex and other counties came to the rescue, and so Essex, for the first time, falls into line with the great cricketing counties in England. Now, if Essex had cut up badly in her first match, the prophets would have said, "I told you so; Essex is no good." But the prophets were confounded. Poor little Essex scraped together a team, and went to Birmingham in the sure hope of being annihilated by the "coming champions," as the men of Warwick were designated last season. One never knows, and least of all in cricket. Essex astonished have all and the cricket world by putting on 410 runs for a first innings, the championship contests, in the cold, owing to the fact that they could herself and the cricket world by putting on 410 runs for a first innings, and then compelling Warwick to follow on. At the second attempt the Midlanders played a magnificent uphill game, and the result was a fairly

The feature of the Essex play was the batting of G. F. Higgins and Burns, who each scored over a century. Considering that this was the first County Championship match in which those batsmen had taken part, their achievement was a great one. Everyone was asking who is Mr. Higgins? No one appeared ever to have heard of him before; but, as a matter of fact, he played for his county once last season, when he scored 25 on a bad wicket against Yorkshire. Mr. Higgins, however, has for long been hiding his light under a bushel in the ranks of the Leyton C.C., for whom he has scored centuries many a time. He is a son of one of the Essex County Committee, so that it would seem that he has not been pushed forward by an idolising parent. The younger Higgins owes his promotion to genuine ability. He is a fine, free bat, Higgins owes his promotion to genuine ability. He is a fin with plenty of science, and will, doubtless, be heard of again.

Jimmy Burns we know. He is the volatile little cricketer who, on many an occasion, has knocked off a heap of runs when all hope seemed to have been abandoned, and now and again he has played havoc with the ball. Burns will be a proud man on scoring a hundred for the first time in first-class cricket. One ought not, in this connection, to forget the very fine batting of H. W. Bainbridge, in scoring 24 and 117. The Warwickshire captain was a good bat when at Eton and Cambridge, but he has improved immensely since then, and has now to be reckoned among the first dozen amateur bats of the day. Mr. Bainbridge was born in North India thirty-three years ago, and is, therefore, well on in cricketing years. One was glad to see, also, that Walter Quaife had returned to something like his best form. In the first innings he was unlucky just to miss his hundred by nine runs, while, at the second time he was going along merrily with 82 (not out) when time hypoglytical time, he was going along merrily with 82 (not out) when time brought a very fine innings to a premature end. When Quaife played for Sussex, he was reckoned among the first half-dozen batsmen in England, but he has beatler by has hardly been so successful since he went to Birmingham. Quaife was born at Newhaven in 1864, and is thus in his thirty-first year. W. G. is eight years younger, and promises to be a greater batsman even than his elder brother.

The arrival of the English cricketers from Australia was one of the events of last week, and I had the pleasure of chatting with Richardson soon after the good ship Ophir had touched land. I found the Surrey giant in the best of health and spirits. He was delighted with Australia, charmed with the people, and likes the climate so much that he would not mind going back in a couple of years' time. At the moment I saw him, however, in his humble home, among his own kith and kin, he confessed, with a contented smile, that, after all, there was no place like Mitcham. It may be remembered that, when Richardson first tried his shand at bowling in the Colonies, he did not get on at all well. The hard, slate-like wickets completely upset his calculations, and, when he attempted to bowl in the same way as he did in England, he found that he was simply sending down half-volleys for the batsmen to hit out of the ground that he was simply sending down half-volleys for the batsmen to hit out of the ground. In this manner he gave away several hundred runs for a few wickets ere he learned to adapt himself to the new conditions. It was some weeks before he actually realised what he had to do. He found that, by pitching the ball from two to three inches shorter than he had been accustomed to, he could get it to rise exactly in the way he wanted; and, as soon as he did this, he began to meet with much of the success which attended him in England. There was a difference, of course. In England he had no difficulty in making the ball break from three to four inches that in Australia are the hard two wickets from one and a half inches, but in Australia, on the hard, true wickets, from one and a half to two inches was as much as he could make the ball do. Richardson

has, of course, been the bowling success of Mr. Stoddart's team, and it is generally agreed, even among the Colonists, that a better fast bowler never represented England. George Giffen himself says that the way Richardson has worked, keeping up his tremendous pace on the hottest days, has been nothing short of wonderful. In regard to the prospects of an Australian eleven visiting England in 1896, the same writer says—

I think I may venture the opinion that, if all the leading players are available, they will render a good account of themselves. Among the men whose claims for inclusion in an Australian thirteen will have to be considered are the fast bowlers Jones, of South Australia, and Eady, of Tasmania, who, on English wickets, would very likely be successful. Eady, in addition to being a fast bowler, is a batsman likely to develop into something good. Perhaps the most promising of all our young players is Clem Hill, who, on his eighteenth birthday, began an innings of 150 (not out) against the Englishmen, playing all their fine bowlers with the greatest case and confidence.

The M.C.C are determined to make the best of the merry month of May, what time Middlesex are preparing for the County Championship, and to-morrow Yorkshire will make their first appearance in London, at Speaking of Yorkshire reminds me that J. T. Brown was the recipient, last Saturday, of a handsome gold centre-second stop-watch, along with a gold Albert curb guard. This presentation was made to Mr. Stoddart's "thirteenth man" by a number of his admirers in Halifax, where he is professional to the town club. At the Oval, Surrey meet Warwickshire on the same date, and this engagement, after the fine display of the Midlanders against Essex, ought certainly to command a large following. Four other matches begin to-morrow. Gloucestershire meet Somerset—the Westerners to find their own lunch as per the new arrangement; at Nottingham the home team will entertain Sussex; at Cambridge the University play an eleven got together by Mr. C. J. Thornton, that ever-green English sportsman, and at Oxford the Eleven meet the next Sixteen. From a spectacular point of view the cricket on the banks of the Isis has been of the very best description, although, of course, it would be absurd to place much reliance on mere trial-matches, where the bat invariably beats the ball. Some idea may be gained of the extraordinary play at Oxford when I remark that in one of the senior matches 1128 runs were scored for the loss of 28 wickets. In this match no fewer than four centuries were made—E. R. Morres with 146; P. Warner, 122; J. Boland, 117; and M. Barlow, 113.

Next Monday the following matches will be commenced-

At Lord's, M.C.C. v. Derbyshire. At Oxford, the University v. Somerset. At Manchester, Lancashire v. Sussex. At Bradford, Yorkshire v. Warwickshire. At Cambridge, the University v. Gentlemen of England.

CYCLING.

The leading event in the wheeling world next Saturday will be that of the opening of the new track at Catford Bridge—one of the most charming suburban districts of London; and I understand that a large number of the more influential racing-men have consented to take part. A statement of this kind might be considered somewhat gratuitous were it not for the fact that the Catford Club, with the permission of the N.C.U., has arranged an important contest for unlicensed riders. Truth to tell, many of our best-known racing-men are still without the necessary certificate from headquarters, and these include such notorieties as T. Gibbons-Brooks and A. J. Watson. The first-named rider was unable to defend his title as holder of the Brixton Cup, owing to this fact; but, of course, he and his comrades similarly placed will not be slow to take advantage of the Catfordian offers next Saturday.

Along with many others who were invited last week, I had the pleasure of viewing the new track, the speed-surface of which is laid upon a substratum of 6 in of Portland cement concrete, which, in its turn, rests upon the formed and rammed earthwork. All round the track is formed a terrace, 8 ft. in width; and the fence surrounding the track, when lined two deep only with spectators, will accommodate 2640 persons. The most remarkable feature of the track is the high banking. On a windy day, it is possible for a man to stand on the edge of the track and remain completely shielded from the elements, so great is the altitude from this position up to the surrounding fence; but, up to date, there appears to be no element of danger whatever for the ambitious wheeler who is destined to cut the records and make a new name for himself. The track has been designed by Mr. Harry J. Swindley, of the Cyclist, and the work certainly indicates a carefully thought-out plan.

Ryan, the trainer, who has had a most successful time this season, began to learn his business on the far-famed land at Gullane, Scotland, notable also as having been the spot where Mat Dawson was initiated into the mysteries of the thoroughbred. Ryan's father made him a cross-country jockey when he was a youth, but weight ultimately compelled him to leave the racing saddle. About thirty years ago, having learnt all his father could teach him, James started on his own account, taking charge of some horses for Mr. Houldsworth, at Irvine, near Ayr. There he stayed seven years, until, his patron desiring to extend business, a move was made to Newmarket, where he still carries on operations at Green Lodge.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Fashionable jockeys are very much annoyed by correspondents who pester them for tips, photos, and autographs, and even the begging-letter brigade must study racing results, as, after certain jockeys are the winners of big races, they receive circulars asking them to subscribe to this, that, or the other charity. A jockey of repute told me the other day that he had decided to leave unanswered all but personal letters, but he is making a collection of all the missives he receives, and these, in time, should form an interesting study.

Mr. E. Hulton, who is well known in the sporting world as the chief director of the firm of E. Hulton and Co., of Manchester, is a real live man. Mr. Hulton may be said to have been the architect of his own



MR. E. HULTON.

Photo by Franz Baum, Manchester.

fortunes. He was formerly a printer, and was engaged on the Manchester Guardian, when the idea came to him that there ought to be money in sporting journalism, so he induced a capitalist to assist him in starting the Sporting Chronicle, which is acknowledged to be one of the smartest-written of the daily sporting papers. The Athletic News is another fine property owned by Hulton and Co., who also started that extremely popular weekly, the Sunday Chronicle. The firm, in addition, run several sporting tissues, and publish guides which circulate all over the country. Mr. E. Hulton is a good judge of character, and he always manages select the best men obtainable to do the

work of his firm. He has the reputation of being a kind employer, and it says a great deal for the firm that most of the employees enter upon their work as youths and retire in old age. Mr. Hulton sometimes visits the Northern racecourses, especially Manchester and Liverpool, but he has for years given up going the racing circuit, owing to pressure of home business. Mr. Hulton's partner, Mr. Bleackley, owns a few racehorses, but, like other sporting-journalist owners, he seldom wins a race.

Racecourse refreshments will sooner or later become a burning question with all classes of sportsmen. It is essential that at all meetings wholesome food and pure drink should be obtainable at reasonable charges. True, at many of the meetings, notably at Sandown Park, the catering is perfect; but at many other enclosures the food and drink offered for sale are of the quality generally termed indifferent. There is no reason why a racing man should not be able to feed quite as well out as he does at home, and I am certain the time will come when race-course officials will have to cater on the principle of the "trade" sign, "All articles sold here are of the best quality."

According to present arrangements, there will be only four race-meetings held on Whit-Monday. A record crowd is expected at Hurst Park. This enclosure is growing in popularity daily, thanks to the able management of Mr. Joe Davis, and some of the sporting journalists, who are large shareholders in the club. It is a thousand pities that those in authority do not open a gate at the back of Tagg's boathouse, so that foot-passengers might have the benefit of the velvety turf walk to the stands. The Gatwick people think it hurts a course to be walked upon. It does sometimes, but the harm done is not to be weighed against the public convenience.

Racecourse thieves and card-sharpers are getting bolder every day. The time has arrived when these gentry should be kept outside all enclosures, and it is to be hoped that the Scotland Yard authorities will give all the assistance in their power to bring about this desideratum. I am told the Sandown executive, some years ago, got the police to stop all known bad characters at Waterloo Station, but the light-fingered gentry tumbled to the ruse, and joined the trains at Vauxhall and Clapham Junction. If needs must, let them pay their railway fares by all means; but an attempt should be made to keep them outside the racecourse.

It is, as I have mentioned many times before, a sad fact that, when death removes a racing reporter from the field of his labours, it invariably happens that the hat has to be passed round for the benefit of his widow and family. I should be sorry to say how many racing journalists have died penniless during the last ten years—men, too, who had for years been earning good incomes. Life assurance could be effected very reasonably, and it is a pity that the majority of members of the "fourth estate" do not avail themselves of this ready means of partially providing for their dependents.

The Derby is not all over but the shouting this year, at any rate, and I am glad to hear that many owners intend starting their horses on the off-chance. It is now declared that the majority of the horses that ran for the Guineas were hopelessly unfit; but this statement must be taken cum grano salis, as it emanated from the wise-after-the-event division. If Le Var is a smasher, the prize may go to Kingselere; if he is not, I still think Sir Visto will have something to do with the finish, as the course ought to just suit him.

For the Gatwick Steeplechases on Friday and Saturday the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway will run special trains.

MISS MACINTYRE'S RETURN.

It is no disparagement to the numerous eminent performers at Mr. Percy Noteutt's concert on May 4 at Queen's Hall to say that the chief attraction was Miss Margaret Macintyre. It is half-a-dozen years since the musical world was first delighted with Miss Macintyre's beautiful voice, and nearly three years since we had the pleasure of hearing her in this country. She has been for two years prima donna at La Scala, Milan, a unique compliment which has never before been awarded to a British singer. Then she went to South Africa, partly to visit her brothers and partly for the purposes of a concert tour, which was all the more successful because it was the first visit paid by a vocalist of the highest rank to certain parts of the "Dark Continent." The last time I heard her in London was at a sacred concert, when she sang "Ave Maria" with remarkable power. Naturally, as she has been immersed in opera lately, Miss Macintyre chose for her rentrée an operatic excerpt—"Non pianger." She was greeted by the crowded audience with the utmost enthusiasm as she stepped on to the platform. The youthful, graceful figure in a cornflower-blue costume recalled the days when the Royal English Opera House used to be thrilled with Miss Macintyre's singing in "Ivanhoe." Her voice is just as thrilling, but there is a growth in dramatic expression and passion which startled one. It was not, however, till she was encored, and sang "Home, Sweet Home," with exquisite, heartfelt feeling, that her full



MISS MACINTYRE.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

progress could be marked. Then the consummate artist was revealed. There were many interesting items on the programme, but, for me, those moments when the young Scotch singer voiced the sentiment of herself and her auditors were the supreme charm of the afternoon. It is fair to mention that Madame Amy Sherwin, Madame Gomez, Miss Clara Butt, Mr. Sims Reeves, Madame Belle Cole, Mdlle. Metsik, Miss Rose Cavendish, and many others, added to the pleasure of the occasion. Mr. Leo Stern, Miss Fanny Davies, Mr. Ganz, and a talented violinist, Mr. Dolmaine, were among the instrumentalists. Thank goodness! the encore system was almost extinguished.

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THE RETURN OF JABEZ BALFOUR.

If one man in London more than another (writes a Sketch representative) slept with an easy mind last Monday week, he must undoubtedly have been Mr. Inspector Froest, after he had handed over his precious charge to the care of the officers sent down to meet the steamship Tartar Prince. Every minute of the time since Jabez Balfour was delivered over to him by the Argentine authorities must have been fraught with the deepest anxiety. This will be the more readily understood when one comes to consider that it is not for the detective officer entrusted with



MR. GASTRELL, LATE BRITISH VICE-CONSUL AT BUENOS AYRES. Photo by Bullingham, Harrington Road, S.W.

the duty of fetching back a prisoner for trial to enter into the merits or the pros and cons of the case; he is simply given what is more often than not a most dangerous and arduous task, and one which requires no little pluck and tact to carry out-once the warrant is issued for the arrest, he must use his own discretion as to the means he will employ to carry out successfully his mission. Of the many able men whose names have been prominently before the public in many causes célèbres of recent years, Mr. Inspector Froest is one of the youngest, and the able manner in which he carried out his mission proves that he has the right stuff in him. Mr. Froest is still in the prime of life, of medium height, athletic build, bronzed by travel, alert in manner, and with more of the soldier than the civilian in his outer man. Happening to meet him a couple of days after his return, I thought a chat would elicit some interesting experiences. "Well, I suppose you're not sorry to be back again in England?" I

started, after I had commenced making a rough sketch of him.

"Darned glad to be home again!" was his characteristic reply. "I have had the first really good night's sleep I have had for a long time."

"You must have been having a pretty anxious time?" said I.

"Yes, indeed," he replied hesitatingly. "Still, taking it all round, I connet convolving for I have had a day's illness while I was away, and

I cannot complain, for I never had a day's illness while I was away, and altogether enjoyed the trip immensely.'

"I should very much like to hear some of your experiences up country?" said I, while arranging my book conveniently for taking notes

while sketching, and thus interviewing him unawares "I cannot tell you a word in connection with Balfour out in Salta or on my way home—if that's what you mean," he replied, with a broad grin which proved he had seen through the ruse.

"But you won't mind telling me something about what sort of a time you personally managed to have while waiting up at Salta for your prisoner?" I replied. "I understand the reason of your reticence, but it will be divulging no police secrets if you give me some of your personal impressions in a place so little known."

"Well, perhaps not, but you must not ask anything else."

This was no easy matter to avoid, for the name of the great "Liberator" chief would keep cropping up, notwithstanding his injunction. Still, in spite of being "pulled up," as it were, every now and again when trespassing on the forbidden subject, I managed to have an extremely interesting chat. His description of that far-away

and hitherto unknown village, Salta, was most graphic, and proved that to be a detective does not prevent one from seeing things from an artistic point of view. In fact, so vivid was his description, that I could easily picture in my mind-the railway journey from Buenos Ayres—1500 miles up country, through a sandy desert, right up to the foot of the Andes; and there, nestling, as it were, at their feet, Salta, a straggling little village of picturesque wooden house, built in the Spanish style, and each one buried in a mass of tropical vegetation—the very ideal of repose and solitude, where the stillness was unbroken but for the singing of the birds and drone of insects, with the occasional rumble of an ox-waggon as it rolled slowly up the street; seldom any other sign of life during the day (when the heat was always intense), or, in fact, at any time—a sort of Arcadia for a person fleeing from justice, and where, under an assumed name, he might, in all reason, think he had fixed on an undiscoverable hiding-place. Yet even into this solitude penetrates sometimes news of the busy outer world, in the shape of an occasional newspaper, and once, by a curious coincidence, a copy of the *Penny* Illustrated Paper, containing a portrait of the much-wanted Jabez Balfour. An English merchant resident in this remote place fancies he recognises a likeness in it to the latest arrival in the village—a Mr. John Butler, with the result that some months afterwards there suddenly appears on the peaceful scene a Scotland Yard official, in the person of Inspector Tonbridge, to verify this resemblance, and disturb the Arcadian screnity of Mr. Butler's existence. It must have been a terrible surprise for the man. Then, as will be remembered, followed months and months of legal difficulties put in the way of his extradition. Mr. Tonbridge's health gave way, and he was obliged to return to England, being replaced some four or five months ago by Mr. Froest. His description of his daily life out there was matter-of-fact in comparison to his description of the place itself—"Little or nothing to do, except an occasional day's shooting in the mountains, no whisky, and always early to bed." No wonder he looks the picture of health! I managed to clicit from him that, curiously enough, he never saw his prisoner till he was handed over to him the day he left for England. Mr. Froest speaks most enthusiastically of the great services rendered to him all along by the then British Vice-Consul at Buenos Ayres, Mr. W. H. Gastrell, without



MR. INSPECTOR FROEST.

whose valuable assistance, he says, he might still be waiting up at Salta. With reference to the incidents of his journey back to the coast and subsequent voyage home on the Tartar Prince, the Inspector would tell me nothing, for obvious reasons; still, I gathered enough to be convinced that the many highly coloured statements which have appeared from time to time regarding Balfour—even to the accounts of what occurred during the sea-voyage—are mostly the outcome of vivid imagination on the part of their writers; in fact, as Mr. Froest laughingly told me, he had learnt more about himself, and his doings while he was away, since he has seen the newspapers than he ever knew before.

LADIES' PAGES. OUR

FASHIONS AT THE THEATRES.

Dame Fashion is evidently stage-struck, for her present place of abode is still at one or other of the theatres, and so there, as in duty bound, I have been following her, with the result that I am in a position to tell you of her latest stage feats. And perhaps it is that the glare of the footlights has somewhat of the effect of a halo of glory, but, for some cause or other, it always seems to me that these stage gowns are of very special interest—a view which I have reason to believe that you share, and, if so, please come with me, in imagination, to the Criterion and worship at the shrine of beautiful Julia Neilson and her beautiful gowns. she is attired in a shot silk of peach-like colouring, the bodice a wonderful combination of chiffon and yellowish Valenciennes, while there is a touch of turquoise-blue introduced with most cunning art, and diamond buttons glitter and flash from the cloudy folds. That is charming, but even more delightful is the second dress, of cau-de-Nil satin, a fichu of white chiffon, bordered with a frothy frill of lace, being draped round the square-cut corsage, and having one long befrilled end to fall far down the skirt at the left side, while round the waist there is a deep belt the skirt is concerned; while white chiffon composes the bodice, which is trimmed in most novel fashion with bands of jewelled passementeric, studded with green and mauve sequins, pearls, and diamonds, these bands keeping into a becoming V-shape the pouch-like front, which is, in reality, a shower of pearls and diamonds. The chiffon sleeves are veiled with the new cream-coloured net, and trails of sweet peas droop over the elbow, a cluster of orchids, shading from yellow to mauve, being also introduced on the corsage.

There is still another type for your consideration—sweet, girlish simplicity—in the pretty person of Miss Maud Millett, dressed accordingly, by Madame Humble. First she has a gown of pale-pink crépon, the bodice having side-pieces and a central box-pleat of stringcoloured guipure, between which come full folds of pink chiffon. A becoming touch—and only a touch—of smart frivolity is introduced in the form of a collar and waistband of white glace silk, striped narrowly with black satin, and each developing at the back into a wide bow, with handkerchief ends; while four string-coloured buttons, encircled with brilliants, find a resting-place in front. A white straw hat bears uncomplainingly the burden of a wide triple bow of white accordion-pleated chiffon edged with string-coloured Valenciennes and fastened with a



MISS MARY MOORE IN "THE HOME SECRETARY."



MISS NESVILLE IN " THE TRIUMPH OF THE PHILISTINES."



MISS NESVILLE IN "THE TRIUMPH OF THE PHILISTINES." (ACT II.)

of golden tissue. The softly draped sleeves of green chiffon allow gleams of the white arm to be seen between their full folds, and, by reason of its distinguished simplicity, this dress is a great success, and suits Miss

Neilson's Juno-like beauty to perfection.

Miss Mary Moore, as the charming representative of fashionable frivolity, provides you with two gowns of an entirely different character. For Act I. she has the dress which I have had sketched for you, and which glories in a full, perfectly hanging skirt of white glacé silk, patterned with a narrow stripe of turquoise-blue, arranged in a series of Vandykes, while the space between the stripes is devoted to a sprinkling of pin-spots in blue and pink. Of course, the bodice strikes a different of pin-spots in blue and pink. Of course, the bodice strikes a different note in the keyboard of colour, it being fashioned of pale-blue accordion-pleated chiffon, the fulness held in at the yoke by a light embroidery of shimmering mauve sequins, and at the waist by a deep-draped waistband of mauve velvet, finished at the left side by two bunchy rosettes of goodly of mauve velvet, innshed at the left side by two bunchy rosettes of goodly proportions. The collar, for a change, is of white satin, tied at the back in the inevitable but always becoming bow, and being, in addition, adorned at each side in front with a rosette of mauve satin. Personally, I think that one bow is a sufficiently generous allowance for any collar; but, still, when the effect is so charming, I am willing to alter my opinion. Please note also that the full sleeves stop short at the elbow, where they are met by white gloves. Then, please, rise in imagination to the crowning point of this dainty costume, which takes the form of a broad-brimmed hat of brown straw, banked up in front with pink roses and mauve lilac. hat of brown straw, banked up in front with pink roses and mauve lilac, which nestle under a spreading bow of green glacó silk and outstanding wings of the same hue. So much for the first dress; and now, unaided by a sketch, you must imagine an evening-dress of pink satin, as far as

band of brilliants; three softly curving estrich-tips, their snowy whiteness set off by a background of black osprey; and sundry pink roses.

White satin is the fabric of Miss Millett's evening-gown, the frilled

sleeves of chiffon having little bunches of pink Banksia roses peeping out here and there, and a further instalment of the dainty wee flowers blooming on the bodice, which has a full V-shaped vest of white chiffon, adorned at the top with festoons of pearls, and bordered at each side with an embroidery in pearls and iridescent blue sequins, the same arrangement holding good at the back. Altogether, sweet simplicity distinctly scores in this dress. You could not well get three more entirely different types of women and gowns, could you? But if you want really violent contrasts you must come to the St. James's and share in "The Triumph of the Philistines." There you will find Miss Elliott Page in three simple and charming gowns, eminently suited to a youthful and charming widow of refined tastes. One, of shot black-and-grey alpaca, has a tiny vest of black tulle, and a turned-down collar and cuffs of black chiffon edged with yellowish Valenciennes; and the next consists of a skirt of grey-and-black crépon, the design a large square check, and the smart open-fronted coat bodice, with its full, short basques, being of fine black satin cloth, worn with a full vest of white chiffon held in at throat and waist by a black satin band. The third and last gown is of the palest mauve cloth, the bodice relieved by revers of creamy lace, and the yoke banded in with the same lace, and fastened with four cut-steel buttons, the sleeves, too, having a strap of cloth passing from shoulder to elbow and adorned with steel buttons.

Then there is Lady Monckton as the pretty white-laired Lady Beauboys, full of the knowledge of human nature's weaknesses, and

[Continued on page 165,



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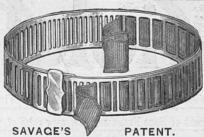
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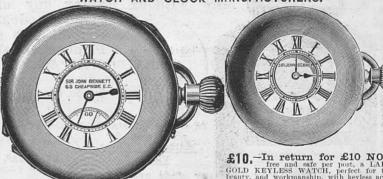
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equally, as is evident, full of the knowledge of how to dress becomingly and smartly, and to be, at the same time, in harmony with her white hair. Her first dress is of dark-blue satin goffré (the new material which is to supersede foulard), patterned with a scroll-like design in blue, and dotted over with large and small spots in yellow. The bodice has a vest of yellow satin, crossed by a fichu-like arrangement of blue chiffon; and there is a collar of old lace, her yellow-straw bonnet being trimmed with yellow-and-black nasturtiums and a touch of black lace. Black crépon, with a crinkled silk stripe, is chosen for the second dress, the bodice relieved by turquoise-blue silk embroidered with jet and steel, and with black-and-white striped ribbon, edged with a line of blue, at throat and wrists. The last is the best; and I have taken its chief points to heart, with a view to future use. It is of fawn crépon, the bodice, of black accordion-pleated chiffon, partially covered at the back by a little coatee of the crépon, continued in crossover form in front, and having deep, full cape-sleeves, all finished with an edging of jet.

And now, after this elegant simplicity and English refinement, we come to the "Sally Lebrune" of Miss Juliette Nesville, who astonished the natives of Market Pewbury by her attire, as well she might! Her first dress is, comparatively, simplicity itself, fashioned as it is of cornflower-blue piqué, brightened very considerably by a sailor-collar and waist-belt of the brightest rose-pink satin bordered by creamy guipure, and the full skirt piped at the foot with the same brilliant colour, while her piquant face is crowned by a wide-brimmed blue-straw hat, trimmed with a bow of glacé ribbon. Then comes the change to gorgeous, startling attire. Imagine the feelings of Market Pewbury when it contemplated the French model in a garment of such colouring and fashion! It has a skirt of yellow chiné silk, with broad stripes of white, patterned with pink and blue, and edged with a narrow, lace-like border in black, and at each side a curious pocket of green silk veiled with black net, almost covered with lines of metallic greenish-blue sequins, and having, as all the world may see when these pockets are turned inside out to show their emptiness, a lining of the brightest geraniumpink silk. The bodice is entirely composed of the silk and net, the lines of sequins radiating from the centre in curiously effective fashion, while round the waist goes a deep draped band of the pink silk, on which is fastened a great loose bunch of gigantic yellow kingcups, trails of the same flowers crossing the flat shoulders, the puffs beneath being of the chiné silk and the cuffs of the net-covered silk. Add to this a toque consisting of buttercups and trimmed in front with spreading butterfly-shaped wings of the sequined net, between which rises an aggressive green parrot, and perhaps you may form some idea of the green-and-yellow costume which had been the summit of "Sally Lebrune's" ambition.

The third is like unto the second in gorgeousness, fashioned, as it is, of rose-pink satin goffré, with a conventional scroll design in the same shade, interspersed with little white rosebuds. Four straps of black satin ribbon, of varying length, but all alike glittering with lines of gold sequins, adorn the skirt, while the bodice, both at the back and in the front, is covered with alternate bands of cream lace, sewn with gold sequins, and straps of gold embroidery, the splendour relieved somewhat by a waistband of black satin tied at each side of the back in a smart bow, the outstanding ends of which are visible at each side of the trim waist. The elbow-sleeves are likewise adorned with bows of black satin and gold sequins, and the costume is completed by a hat of gold lace, the frilled brim surmounted at each side by two white ostrich-tips, and pink

roses resting on the hair at the back.

And so here endeth the tale of the gowns at the St. James's, and here beginneth the apotheosis of that most fascinating perfume "Rhine Violets," the alluring fragrance of which is a thing never to be forgotten by those who have once enjoyed it. I have just had a fresh attack of enthusiasm about it, occasioned by the frequency with which, on my entry, my friends have searched for the actual presence of the violets whose perfume has been captured so completely in the scent which is my greatest and most constant luxury. And yet, as a matter of fact, you can hardly call a 3s. 6d. bottle a luxury when it will, with careful management, last for over three weeks. But when any acquaintances of the sterner sex ask my advice as to an acceptable present for a fair friend or relative, I invariably conceal the existence of these three-and-sixpenny bottles, and only draw their attention to the nine-shilling or twentyshilling bottles—this in the interest of womenkind in general, for I always do and always will aver that one of the most potent charms in a woman's armoury of fascination is a delicate, almost indefinable, perfume, which in time comes to be associated with one's individual personality. My one wish is that I may be connected with "Rhine Violets," then my memory will always be a delightful one. If you live in London, you should go yourself to the 4711 Dépôt at 62, New Bond Street; and, if your place of abode is in the country, send for the new illustrated price-list, which, among other things, gives you particulars as to the various forms and prices at which the famous 4711 Eau-de-Cologne is obtainable. FLORENCE.

AN IMPERFECT INVENTION.

She calls me up; and Jimmy smiles, For—"A lady wants you, Sir!" And then, across a dozen miles, I stand and talk with her.

Her laugh has just its clear, sweet ring, Her voice its natural tone,
But, hang it all! I miss one thing—
I can't be kissed by telephone!—New York Life.

IN THE STALLS AT THE CRITERION.

PRETTY WOMAN. I love "first-nights" at the Criterion; they are always so smart, and one knows everybody, and then there is the excitement of anticipation before each act as to Mary Moore's new frocks.

Weary Critic. There is also a play, isn't there?

SHE. Oh! that's always lovely, because Charles Wyndham is my favourite actor. He is so sincere! Boring as sincerity is in real life especially in a lover who has outworn the novelty of his devotion—sincerity on the stage always charms me, I must confess. Look a Look at Mr. Waller, for instance, how he convinces you at once of the sincerity of his Anarchism.

HE. Then all that rhodomontade of his, or-who is it?-Morris Lecaile's is genuine Anarchism? How instructive!

SHE. Why, haven't you guessed that Morris Lecaile is Dangerfield,

the Anarchist, in disguise? HE. Really? I mistool I mistook him for some escaped journalist who "does"

the strikes for a Radical evening paper.

SHE. How absurd you are! I think the idea quite too lovely to have a dangerous Anarchist, on whose capture the fate of the Government depends, making love to the Home Secretary's wife, under the very nose of his would-be captor.

HE. But why on earth does he do it?

She. Oh, because—because it's so romantic. He. Anarchists are foolish, but they are not quite so foolish as that. SHE. Don't you see, nobody would suspect him when he is received on intimate terms in the household of the Home Secretary.

HE. But, surely, you and I—I, at least—have no claim to be considered more perspicacious than a Home Secretary and a Solicitor-General. Yet it scarcely took Morris Lecaile a minute to convince us that he was Dangerfield. How, then, are we to be convinced of the sanity of persons presented to us as her Majesty's Ministers, who never suspect him for an instant, though he gives himself away in his every utterance?

SHE. Oh! but this is only a play.

HE. Exactly, only a play; and so every probability is outraged, and the life that should be portrayed is merely caricatured.

SHE. You take it too seriously.

HE. On the contrary, I cannot take it seriously at all. Imagine a Home Secretary behaving in the casual way that this one does, and remaining in office a single session! Imagine, too, a Home Secretary's wife wanting to leave society, home, and husband because the latter is truer to his party than to his early ideals! Imagine a Solicitor-General, who prides himself on never forgetting a face, failing to recognise the identity of a convict he once prosecuted for forgery, though he recalls the face, and the man actually acknowledges having been present all through the trial!

SHE. Of course, if you come to think of it; but if they did realise that Morris Lecaile was the Anarchist, if he didn't make love to the Home Secretary's wife, and if she didn't prefer political principles and altruistic ideals to her husband, and if the Home Secretary were more businesslike, there would be no play.

HE. Exactly; if Mr. Carton had accurately observed the actual life and conduct of Anarchists, Home Secretaries and their wives, and Solicitor-Generals, there would be no play-like "The Home Secretary."

SHE. But then you might say that of most plays.

HE. Certainly, of most plays.

SHE. But do you think the public thinks about those things? I'm

sure I don't, as long as I'm amused and interested.

HE. And your attitude is the attitude of the general public, I suppose; and as long as that is so, as long as the public does not think, does not look at plays with a sense of actual life, we shall continue to see and hear such improbable representations of life as this.

SHE. But, surely, weary critic though you be, you enjoy some of it;

you don't carp at everything?

HE. Not at all. I enjoy Wyndham's artistic acting; I think Lewis Waller's Anarchist exhausts the obvious in most impressive fashion. Julia Neilson, I am sure, has never done anything so good as her acting in this lact act, the situation of which is really a capital bit of theatricalism—and how beautiful she looks!

SHE. And Mary Moore—surely you like her dresses? Don't you know lots of women exactly like Mrs. Thorpe-Didsbury—with their

Captain Chesnalls?

HE. And their "discreet indiscretions?" It is certainly a type of the day, amusingly sketched; and Miss Moore plays it with a delightful vivacity. As for Miss Millett and Sidney Brough, I seem to have seen them doing this kind of thing very often before, though they always do it well. What a capital make-up that is of Alfred Bishop's—reminds me of Sir Henry James!

SHE. Now, tell me—did you guess what was coming when the Home Secretary's wife sat alone in her husband's study at midnight, waiting for her husband, in a large chair that hid her from sight, while the French windows stood open opposite to the red despatch-box, where the document sealing the disguised Anarchist's fate was locked up, and the Anarchist knew it?

HE. Ah! never mind whether we foresaw or not the attempted abortive theft and the subsequent compromising situation. It certainly interested the house, and it was splendidly acted; and it is the only

thing in the play worth remembering, except a few smart lines.

SHE. The end is very pretty. I'm very fond of confessions and reconciliations between husband and wife on the stage—one hasn't the time or the sentiment for them in real life.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

" All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR. Capel Court, May 11, 1895.

The Bank Return presents very little feature of interest. As might be expected from the price of Consols, it seems to show the purchase of Government stocks. Some coin has been taken for home purposes.

Active dealings have been the order of the day during the whole week, and both brokers and jobbers, to say nothing of their clerks, complain of overwork even more than in the palmy days of 1888-1889. Day after day Consols break the record, and have been as high as $106\frac{2}{3}$; while all Colonials continue to rise, despite Mr. Wilson's efforts to run their credit down. There has been quite a revival of business in the Home Railway market, for, what with splendid weather and a general upward tendency in the price of commodities like wool, sugar, copper, tin, and the like, everybody is talking of a rapid improvement in the general trade of the country, and the Board of Trade returns, except as to cotton goods, seem to bear out the universal hope. All along the line rises are recorded, from East London to London and North-Western, so that it is clear merits may be neglected in operating for a rise.

There is very little floating stock about, and when a crop of investment orders came in, as they did this week, prices answered with surprising rapidity. Dover A and Little Chathams show, proportionately to their prices, the best result; and, although we never like putting clients in on top of a rise, we can see little danger about buying any of the good stocks for investment or Little Chathams for a speculation.

For some time we have been preparing you for an all-round rise in Yankees; and it really looks as if this market were likely to become its old self again, especially as the Reading difficulty is in a fair way of settlement, and Mr. Morgan, having obtained the control, is going to try his hand at reorganisation. When trade-recovery does really begin, it will, no doubt, be far more rapid in the United States than here, and all fear of gold shipments seems over for the present.

Upon the whole, we do not quite like to say we are in for a Yankee "boom," but the market has been very strong, and, with occasional sets-back, an upward tendency in prices should be anticipated.

Canadian Pacifics continue their upward march, but it is caused by "bear" squeezing—a very unsafe thing to follow, and, for the prospects of the concern, the shares are quite high enough, if not too high. Do not expect that the New Trunk board can evolve dividends out of the wreck, dear Sir. Much depends on the course of Canadian trade, and something in the man they get to take charge in Canada. We see no reason to advise the purchase of any of the stocks just yet, at any rate.

Argentines, not to be left behind, have had quite a little boom of

their own. President Uriburu's speech at the opening of Congress has created a favourable impression, but, after all, he only gave expression to the usual platitudes about retrenchment and settling the Railway guarantees. If the price of staple commodities, such as wool and wheat, guarantees. If the price of staple commodities, such as woof and wheat, is going to rise—as we all hope—matters will rapidly improve on the River Plate; and, meanwhile, those who lay in stocks like Central Argentine, Cordoba and Rosario debentures, or Argentine Great Western first debenture stock, at present prices, will surely see profits. If all one hears about the French proposals for dealing with the Perusian Corporation is true, the debentures are cheap enough. At any rate, we believe the French proposition is to be in London this week and for a believe the French negotiator is to be in London this week, and, for a gamble on the result, a purchase is likely to do more good than harm.

The Mining Market is in a state about which it is very difficult to write, dear Sir, and we have never before felt so much hesitation or doubt in dealing with the subject. Prices have gone upward and upward, until some two months ago we thought things were toppling for a fall, but after a set-back or two the onward course was resumed, until the capitalised value of all sorts and conditions of really good Rand properties has become so extraordinary that even the "boomers" are beginning to call a halt. Great difficulties were experienced in carrying over stocks this week, and as much as 80 per cent. was paid for accommodation. On the whole, we advise you to stand aside for a week, and see which way the "cat jumps," so far as high-price stocks are concerned.

Our old friend John Lornie of Kirkcaldy is once more on the war-

path, and sending out circulars to not only you, dear Sir, but to many of your friends. Of course, he wants to dispose of his Linoleum shares, upon which he has spent already so many years, and probably found a regular gold-mine. Before next week we will look up a few of this person's old circulars, and shall then, we think, convince you that it is better not to part with your money, despite the guarantee which is so freely given.

You ask us if we still recommend Johannesburg Waterworks, and we can only say they seem to us a splendid progressive investment. The consumption of water for the month of March was 4,800,750 gallons, compared with 2,267,000 gallons during the corresponding month of last year, which shows a wonderful improvement, to say nothing of the company's land, the value of which is said to exceed the whole capital. Johannesburg trams are steadily increasing their traffics, and appear cheap.

The report of the Equitable Assurance Society is a remarkable document, showing considerable increase in the volume of business done. During the year, policies for £105,700 fell due, and the bonus additions amounted to £114,940, or 108.74 per cent. on the sums assured. The total expenses are as low as 3.7 per cent. of the total revenue, a record of which any company may well be proud, and we congratulate you, dear Sir, on being insured in so substantial and progressive an office.— We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq. LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us-

PEEK BROTHERS AND WINCH, LIMITED, is formed, with a capital £600,000, to take over three well-known businesses, one of which deals in tea, cocoa, coffee, and the like, while the other two are concerned with tea alone. Forty thousand $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. preference shares of £5 each are offered at par, and will, no doubt, be deservedly and eagerly subscribed, as already they have been dealt in at a substantial premium. There are no debentures, the vendors take all the ordinary shares, and the working capital will be £194,000, which, with the value of the tangible assets taken over, considerably exceeds the whole of the preference shares both offered to the public and subscribed for by the directors and their friends. The auditor's certificate shows a very large surplus over the amount required for the preference dividend, and we can cordially recommend the shares to all investors who want reasonable interest upon and security for their money.

EVANS AND ALLEN, LIMITED .- This company is formed, with a capital of £57,000, to take over a drapery business in Newport, and is, we think, one of those companies which the prudent person should avoid, because the capital is so small that there is likely to be a very restricted market for the shares. The Joint Stock Companies Acts may work well for large concerns, but our experience is that the expenses incidental to working a public company cripple a small business of this kind. The profits of the last four years average about £3800, from which must be deducted £550 rent, which the vendor is going to put in his pocket, leaving £3250, or under 7 per cent., for dividend purposes, to say nothing of directors' fees and such-like luxuries. Evans and Allen may well be left alone to the inhabitants of South Wales, where, if anywhere, it ought to have been floated.

E. W. TARRY AND Co., LIMITED, is offering 125,000 6 per cent. preference shares at par. The business is one of supplying machinery and mining requirements in South Africa, and it is supported by a board of directors who can, if they like, make such a business pay well. We have no doubt that the preference shares now offered are a reasonable investment, and amply covered by tangible assets; so that we see no reason why those who desire 6 per cent. without undue risk should not apply for and hold these shares.

THE DE MARE INCANDESCENT GAS LIGHT SYSTEM, LIMITED, is a company formed to work patents for the now fashionable incandescent system of gas lighting. Of course, the company is being attacked by the old incandescent company, who live in an atmosphere of issuing writs, and find it a most effective weapon in maintaining their monopoly. Whatever may be the merits of the squabble, we wish the new company every success, but strongly advise our readers to let other people fight out the squabble before investing their money in a lawsuit. The prospectus is frank enough, but £75,000 is a lot to pay for the advantage of carrying on litigation.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Perplexed.—You have mixed up dollars and pounds sterling. You will be assessed at 10 dollars, or, say, £2, not £10; so you are not asked to pay more than the market value of your shares. We do not suppose you will see your original money back, but we should hold on to the shares for the present, pay the assessment, and look forward to the general improvement in Yankee Rails getting you out at a less loss than you would suffer by selling now.

Here we should hold both shares in the present temper of the mining

URTICA.—We should hold both shares in the present temper of the mining market, but instruct a broker to sell at a rise of, say, 50 per cent., which might happen any day. We like No. 1 best, but, of course, both are rubbish. When shares are quoted at a premium, it is on the amount paid up, not the total nominal value of the share.

Southern.—Have nothing to do with Mr. John Lornie, or anybody else who wants to sell you shares and guarantee you against loss. Next week we will try to deal with this man and his circulars.

to deal with this man and his circulars.

H. E. F.—Either of the Yankee Rails you name are pure gambles, but in the present temper of the market there is more chance of a rise than of a fall. We think well of United States Brewery ordinary shares, which yield over 12 per cent. at present price, with, we thin., reasonable safety. Don't sell your Central Argentine Railway at present.

J. J. G.—(1) Is a good concern; sell half and hold half. (2) Hold. (3) See last week's "Notes." (4) We think well of them. (5) We believe these shares to be really good. (6) We are not tipsters, but see "Notes" from week to week.

Weak Woman.—You ask impossibilities. Nobody can find you safe investments to pay 10 per cent.; but if you must have high interest, distribute your money over the following—(1) Nitrate Rails, (2) San Jorge Nitrate shares, (3) United States Brewery Company ordinary, (4) Lebong Tea, (5) Australian Mortgage Land and Finance, (6) Linoleum Manufacturing; and you will average over 8 per cent. all round.

F. R., S. T. S., AND W. H. H.—We are obliged for your letters and enclosures, and hope our private answers have reached each of you.

Una.—(1) Take your profit. (2) See this week's "Notes"; it is a question of how long the mining boom may last whether you get a profit or not. (3) Hold the Colonial bonds for still higher prices.

the Colonial bonds for still higher prices.

F. R. W.—(1) Little Chathams for choice, or Coras. (2) Hold all the South American stocks for further rise. (3) We refuse to advise as to Allsopps, but it looks as if the "bulls" were operating again.

Novo.—Everything is perfectly fair in respect of the Ottoman Bonds, but the last drawing is not till 1974. Cunliffe, Russell, and Co. charge you about 30 per cent. too much for these and most of their other bonds.

Nemo.—You could not do better than buy a few of Peek Brothers and Winch 5½ per cent. preference, or Telegraph Construction shares. The mining market is in a peculiar position, and we should not be surprised to see a set-back. See last week's "Notes," and this week's, if you will buy something. We hope you have taken your profit in Potchefstroom.

Note.—We should be glad if correspondents would address their letters to the

Note.—We should be glad if correspondents would address their letters to the "City Editor," as it saves time and confusion.